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The Nation. 1880 -2- 0881

December 29, 1979 $1

EDITORIAL

TALES OF OUR CITIES

The advent of not only a new year but a new decade usually calls for some exercises in retrospection and prophecy, but there will be plenty of time for that in the weeks ahead. Instead, in this issue we publish three articles on urban America, a subject that provides as good a focal point as any for an instant portrait of where America has been and what it is becoming.

The American future, it has been said, has picked up and moved to the burgeoning cities of the Sunbelt. Bob Gottlieb files a report on Phoenix, a "developer's city," its runaway suburban spill soaking up the Arizona landscape. Real estate's the name of the game in Phoenix, but it is an old American game. Back in 1816, an Englishman named Morris Birbeck, traveling through Ohio country on his way to found a utopia, complained that the town boomers were as thick as trees: "Gain! Gain! Gain!—that is the be-all and end-all, the Alpha and Omega of town-building in America."

The Western boom town is no new thing either; the landscape is littered with the bones of the mining towns of the last century, abandoned when the gain ran out. Phil Primack describes the impact of a newer energy boom in coal, oil and uranium on the old residents of the South Side in Rawlins, Wyoming, for whom growth is a mixed blessing. As the town's city engineer put it: "We are broke from the growth and we are getting further and further behind."

The people living in South Boston and the other neighborhoods of this old Northeastern city also wonder where they fit in with the inner-city business revival known quaintly as "gentrification." Edward D. McClure and Kirk Scharfenberg tot up the credits and the debits.

The old conflict between gain for the few and jobs, livability and community for the many continues in America's towns and cities.

PHOENIX
Bob Gottlieb

BOOM TOWN
Phil Primack

BOSTON
Edward D. McClure and Kirk Scharfenberg

SAMIZDAT ON STALIN

PICK OF THE 1979 BOOKS
Brickner, Gutman, Harrington, Hitchens, Hynes, Jefferson, Kay, Sonnenberg, Terkel and the Editors of The Nation

D.O.E. (SPELLED I.O.U.)

BIG OIL'S WASHINGTON SUBSIDIARY

FRED J. COOK

Despite Jimmy Carter's tough talk on the stump about a windfall profits tax, the American Petroleum Institute, the registered industry lobby for Big Oil, has infiltrated, and virtually runs, the Department of Energy. The pervasive influence of the oil industry on the department has two interrelated causes. High-level administrative positions are filled with corporate executive types, many of whom have direct ties to the oil industry; and the major work of the department is leased out, most of it through no-bid deals, to private consulting firms that, in turn, are consultants for the oil industry. This obvious conflict of interest, given the structure at the top, does not disturb the department, which has said time and again that it makes no effort to determine the private business ties of its hired advisers.

On April 29, 1977, the White House made public Carter's much-ballyhooed National Energy Plan, which Carter has upbraided Congress for not passing. Unmentioned at the time—and, indeed, virtually unrecognized until Daniel Guttman, a Washington lawyer and energy expert, called attention to it before a Senate subcommittee last October—was the fact that the basics of the plan were prepared by D.O.E. consultants who were also oil industry consultants.

A firm called Energy and Environmental Analysis received two contracts—one for $194,000, a second for $34,800—to work on the plan. Although the D.O.E. did not inquire into E.E.A.'s other associations, Guttman discovered by reading the firm's own brochures that its clients include Exxon, Shell Oil and Standard Oil of Ohio. A second consulting firm,

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LETTERS.

HEALTH CARE COMMENT

New Haven, Conn.

I was disappointed in Toby Cohen's "The Battle of Health Care" [*The Nation*, Nov. 10]. It is much too sanguine about the possibilities of Senator Edward Kennedy's proposal to make needed corrections in the system and too optimistic about the success of the proposal in correcting even inflationary trends. Concentrating on cost control is to emphasize measures for control of a symptom, when much more dangerous symptoms of the disastrous failure of the system exist, for one thing; and, for another, correction of that symptom, immoderate cost inflation, cannot be attempted without more far-reaching changes in the medical care system than the Kennedy proposal envisions.

It may be necessary, given the style of American politics, to choose a lesser evil, but it is hardly necessary to promote it as a superior solution. The deeply unresponsive nature of the American medical care system exaggerates the inequities inherent in most of our social institutions. Poor and minority groups are at risk because they have neither money nor access to good-quality, dignified medical care services. These deficiencies will not be corrected by financial manipulation. A program of health insurance guarantees the provider (doctor or hospital) payment; it does not guarantee the patient service. Nothing in either the Kennedy or Carter proposals offers a guaranteed service. In addition, the Kennedy proposal, in its present version, provides for added layers of bureaucracy, filtration through greedy insurance carriers and no incentives to economy except a ceiling on budgetary expenditures. This, to sophisticated administrators, is an open invitation to reduce quality and even quantity of services in order to meet bottom lines without reducing salaries or professional employment.

Since 1909, when national health insurance was first introduced as a legislative possibility on the national scene, the medical care system has grown into a monstrous industry, expending $200 billion this past year, with $70 billion in the hospital sector alone and a $40 billion health insurance market and $30 billion for doctors. This third largest industry in the land, with five million employees, will hardly lay down and roll over at Congressional command. More than a golden handshake will be necessary if this huge conglomerate is to be radically reorganized in order to provide good, easily available, efficient, economical and effective medical care for the American people.

Traditional cautious "incrementalism" may indicate that the Kennedy plan is as much as we can hope for in the present circumstances. If so, it should be viewed as a necessary but seriously flawed instrument, with the baleful potential effects in mind. It should not be sold as the miracle cure for our disease. Transferring costs from the private sector to the Treasury is hardly a solution to inadequacies of medical care for the poor and minority groups; hardly a remedy for inflation; hardly a guarantee of quality or equal access to services.

George A. Silver, M.D.
Professor of Public Health
School of Medicine, Yale University

New York City

I couldn't agree more with Dr. Silver on cost controls, and for that reason the Kennedy plan—recognizing that $100 billion were lost last year on bad medical care—concentrates on reviewing the quality of care and reforming the practice of medicine. But as for the "poor and minorities," I am not sure whether Silver is saying that the Kennedy plan would place them at a disadvantage, would offer them no advantage, or, to be acceptable, should eradicate racism and all the other problems of minority groups. But I am sure that other people in this country besides the poor and minorities get ill and are without insurance.

As a matter of bedrock fact, Medicaid cards supply the poor with better insurance and better access to good care (through the clinics of the teaching hospitals) than those middle-class taxpayers enjoy who receive only minimal health insurance from their employers, are too poor to spend the $1,500 necessary to buy private health insurance, and live outside the geographic "catchment" area of a city hospital at which they could receive free care if they met the income requirements. They're the ones who need universal national health insurance. The welfare poor and the minority poor already have a good measure of protection. The failure of liberal physicians to recognize that fact prevents them from recognizing the more fundamental problem that plagues us all, rich, poor and middle class—the problem of bad medical care.

Toby Cohen

CRIMINAL CODE COMMENT

New York City

My heartiest congratulations on your scholarly editorial, "Grandson of S. 1" [*The Nation*, Nov. 3]. I am curious why you omitted mention of Senator Edward Kennedy's bill, S. 1722, which is a far more legitimate offspring of S. 1. It is much more punitive and repressive than Representative Robert Drinan's, and far worthier of rejection—in fact, a critical *must* for defeat.

We in the National Committee Against Repressive Legislation agree that while reforms in the criminal code are needed to eliminate disparities, they should conform to the libertarian guarantees of the Bill of Rights and retain incentives for criminals toward rehabilitation. We endorse your opposition to omnibus reform at this time in favor of step-by-step, incremental reforms.

Sylvia E. Crane, Vice Chairman
National Committee Against
Repressive Legislation

We did cite Kennedy's S. 1722 as being more threatening to civil liberties than the Drinan bill. —*The Editors*

COLOMBIA NEWSLETTER

Detroit

"Colombia's Slide Into Dictatorship" by Penny Lernoux [*The Nation*, Sept. 29] sheds important light on the deterioration of human rights in a country that is often touted as a "model" of democracy. . . .

Readers who wish to be kept informed of the human-rights situation in Colombia and to get suggestions as to what they can do may write for our Colombia newsletter: Latin America Task Force; 1524 20 Street; Detroit, Mich. 48216.

Meg Andrezik

We have received a great many letters from readers in response to our recent articles by Jean Bethke Elshtain and David Horowitz, and will be publishing them in coming weeks.

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The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1979 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Tel.: 212-242-8400. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Regular Subscription Price: One year, $25; two years, $45; six months, $14. Student rate, $17 a year. Add $5 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $7 other foreign. All foreign subscriptions must be paid in equivalent U.S. funds.

EDITORIALS.

Criminal Record

Mohammed Reza Pahlevi finally departed in a United States Air Force jet last week for a well-deserved exile in Panama. But the recriminations of his visit are still with us. The hostages remain detained in Teheran and the alleged crimes of the Shah and his American accomplices remain an issue. Certainly, whatever the resolution of this interminable crisis, the claims of history demand an impartial investigation of the Pahlevi regime. The formation of some kind of international judicial institution to investigate crimes of state terrorism would still be a welcome innovation in a world too often brutalized by police states. But in the absence of such an impartial investigation—we have reservations about any tribunal appointed by Ayatollah Khomeini—we have turned to Amnesty International for an interim report on the charges of criminality brought against the Pahlevi regime.

Aside from a report by the International Commission of Jurists, issued in 1976, nearly all the known facts about human-rights violations in Iran have been gathered by Amnesty International. An official of that organization, Anne Burley, provided a summary of its findings.

Torture of political prisoners had been practiced for a period of fifteen years, a 1978 Amnesty International mission to Iran concluded after interviewing more than sixty people—released prisoners, relatives of prisoners and lawyers. Most torture was carried out by Savak agents in Evin Prison in Teheran and other detention centers. Methods of torture included *falanga* (the beating of the soles of the feet), whipping with cables, electric shock, burning with cigarettes, candles and lighters, extended sleep deprivation, hanging by the arms, burning on a heated metal grill, tying of genitals with fine cable and sexual abuse of various kinds.

Hundreds of political prisoners died under torture, although Amnesty International was not able to provide evidence of specific deaths or to say how many occurred during the whole of the Shah's reign. In April 1979, however, a minister of the new Government showed Burley a file said to have been compiled by Savak, which documented cases of people who had died under torture. Writes Burley: "The

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contents of this file, which I believe was genuine, were horrifying. Each loose-leaf page contained a photograph of the victim before torture and a photograph taken after death. The latter showed in every case horribly distorted features and mutilated bodies. The victims were of both sexes and were all young."

Although asked many times to estimate the number of political prisoners held in Iran during the time of the Shah, Amnesty International was unable to do so because of the difficulty of obtaining detailed and reliable information about arrests and releases before 1978. Certainly there were thousands of political prisoners at any one time; the Iranian Government usually admitted to a figure of 3,000, but even if this were accepted as being correct, it would only refer to prisoners who had been tried and sentenced. Many political prisoners were never brought to trial, but were detained for some months, tortured, then released.

Arrests were arbitrary; Savak could directly order the arrest of any person suspected of a political offense, without court approval or informing the prisoner of the charges as required by Iranian constitutional law. Political trials were shams, and invariably resulted in a verdict of guilty.

The Shah's official rationale was that all political prisoners were terrorists, but Amnesty International knew of many prisoners, including Moslem theologians, writers, theater directors, actors, students and university teachers, who had engaged in no violent activities. Many of the present religious leaders in Iran were imprisoned, as were many of those who are now in opposition to them and, therefore, in danger of being reimprisoned. Amnesty International remains concerned about human-rights violations in Iran since the revolution, but the following extract from the *Amnesty International Report on Torture 1973* may explain why the Shah is still so vehemently hated in Iran today. "Iran is a constitutional monarchy. Parliament is theoretically sovereign, but in practice the Crown is the sole source of authority. The Shah is also commander-in-chief of the army. Because of this, opposition within the country and outside is concentrated on criticism of the Shah and his policies."

Doomsday Option

The nuclear-attack alert of November 9 received such sketchy and transitory press coverage in this country that few Americans realized that it wasn't the first time our defense computers mistakenly warned of a Russian missile attack. Or that the Pentagon war plans call for a dangerously inflexible response to a warning of a Soviet attack.

The sketchy reports on the November 9 false alarm noted merely that the computer's mistake was quickly detected (it took six minutes) and that neither the President nor Secretary of Defense Harold Brown had been notified at the time. Defense Department spokesman Lieut. Comdr. Gordon Peterson confirmed that ten jet interceptors were sent aloft but refused comment on reports that the alert set in motion operations at bases around the country and abroad.

Actually, a number of other significant steps toward war were probably taken between 10:50 and 10:56 A.M., November 9, beyond ordering ten jet fighters into the sky. First, all of our ICBM bases were placed on "low-level alert," according to the November 11 *New York Times*. A former missile launch officer says that this means an alarm buzzer sounded at all the underground launch control centers. The launch officers unlocked a special strong box, removed the "attack verification code" and the missile launch keys and inserted the keys into their slots. When two keys ten feet apart are turned within two seconds of each other, the warheads blast off and start toward targets in Russia.

News of the alert also reached the Strategic Air Command. If the computer error had not been detected, standard procedure called for 116 B-52 nuclear bomber pilots to be in their planes gunning the engines, according to a U.S. Government official. Meanwhile, jets were "scrambled"—meaning the pilots were told to man their planes—on American air bases across the country and on at least one in England. The pilot and crew of President Carter's E-4 jet command center, which is kept on constant runway alert at Andrews Air Force Base near Washington, manned the plane, according to reports in the British newsmagazine *NOW* and American Government sources.

Federal Aviation Agency air traffic control centers across the United States were also alerted. Warning buzzers rang, and controllers radioed all commercial craft in their sectors, telling them to be prepared to land at the nearest airport at a moment's notice. During air alerts, the F.A.A. is charged with clearing all nonmilitary traffic from the skies. At Washington area air traffic control centers, some controllers feared for a few minutes that a nuclear war was imminent.

Meanwhile, in the computerized underground center of the North American Air Defense Command in Colorado Springs, Colorado, officers were working intensively to verify the signals of Russian attack. At around 10:56 A.M. they discovered that the attack alert had been triggered by an electronic war game gone awry. A computer tape simulating an attack had somehow gone out as the real thing.

The November 9 incident came to the public's attention only because Paul Clancy, a reporter for *The Washington Star*, happened to be at the Washington F.A.A. center preparing a feature article. But it was not unique. A former Air Force missile launch officer, now an academic expert on nuclear warning and launch systems, estimates that incidents of computer errors triggering nuclear alerts happen "every couple of years." He recalled living through one himself while on duty in late 1973. In that case a computer erred in predicting the trajectory of a Soviet test missile launched from Tyuratam, near Iran. The missile landed in Kamchatka, Siberia, but the American computer had predicted it would land in California. An alert went out to all American ICBM and SAC bases and lasted until the error was detected.

Testifying before Congressional committees, Pentagon officials have several times acknowledged that computer errors flaw our early warning system. Air Force Lieut. Gen. Lee M. Paschall, director of the Defense Communication Agency, told the House Ways and Means Committee in

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1973: "Computers tend to fail for various reasons—this is unpredictable." The Pentagon Public Affairs Office, however, refused to confirm that computer errors have sparked military alerts in the past. And Defense Department spokesman Peterson termed this month's incident "minor." He said that the evidence of a Russian attack was taken skeptically from the outset and argued that the error's quick detection shows that the system's double-checking procedures prevent accidental war.

Such an argument is hardly reassuring. If the evidence of an attack were taken skeptically in this case, it was probably because the United States and the Soviet Union do not appear on the brink of war. That may not always be the case. In a climate of extreme international tension, jittery generals and a jittery President might regard erroneous signals of an attack with less skepticism and set in motion a drastic and irreversible procedure. Among the President's "options" in the Pentagon's Single Integrated Operations Plan (S.I.O.P.) —its package of war plans—is the launching of our *entire* land-based missile force upon receiving a *warning* of a Soviet attack. This is the *only* choice the President has, if he chooses to launch on warning.

The British press took a much less blasé attitude toward the episode than did the U.S. media, running stories with headlines such as TEN MINUTES TO DOOMSDAY. Even the staid *Economist* expressed alarm. For some reason the British seem to regard the threatened end of civilization as a legitimate news story, and to resent the prospect of being pulled helplessly into annihilation through the foibles of an ally. The United States, however, has apparently stopped worrying and learned to live with the bomb.

CHRISTOPHER HANSON

Christopher Hanson is a reporter for The Washington Star *who helped to break the story on the false nuclear alert.*

Zimbabwe Peace

So at last British troops are being sent to Rhodesia—the very troops which, if they had been sent in November 1965, could have prevented the racist settler uprising and the subsequent war. It was a Labor administration that let Ian Smith get away with it on that occasion; now the Conservatives have finally undone the fifteen years following the Unilateral Declaration of Independence. Perhaps it really is true that only the right and the establishment can make the important concessions—like de Gaulle over Algeria, Begin over the Sinai and (to some extent) Nixon over Indochina.

We are not yet, as they say, out of the woods. But the agreement reached in London does correspond pretty fairly to what is called in peace-conference jargon the objective situation on the ground. It meets the need of Zambia and Mozambique for an end to the economically crippling blockade and the endless disruption of their societies by refugees and by vindictive bomber strikes against their camps. It meets the need of the rural population of Zimbabwe for an end to the vicious fighting, the cycle of reprisals and the threat of starvation and mass unemployment. It meets the need of the Patriotic Front to test its real strength among the population, and to end the massive loss of life among its mainly young and untrained guerrilla fighters. It meets the need of the Muzorewa regime to bow gracefully out of power before it is driven out and strung up from a tree by the enraged and insulted populace. It meets the need of Britain to end its longest and last colonial hangover.

Some jagged bits remain. The Lancaster House "summit" has not yet resolved the question of the many competing armed forces in the country. These comprise, at the time of writing, the following. First comes the small but deadly white-led army and air force of the former Muzorewa-Smith authorities. This force comprises certain special units which have made themselves so hated that they must be disbanded. It also comprises a number of foreign mercenaries who must be sent home. Next are the two armies of the Patriotic Front, one (ZAPU) basically deployed over the border with Zambia and the other (ZANU) concentrated in the eastern provinces that neighbor Mozambique. There are tribally distinctive, the former being mainly Matabele and the latter chiefly Shona—the majority tribe. The fusion of the Patriotic Front into one unified party is the biggest single unresolved issue of the war, and it is not yet clear whether ZAPU and ZANU are going to contest the elections as one ticket or two. Then there are the "auxiliary" forces of Bishop Abel Muzorewa and of the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole. These two men, who threw in their lot with the dying white regime, both maintain private armies that loosely cooperate with the security forces and have a splendid reputation for help-

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We have been distressed to note that *The New York Times*'s annual Christmas appeal for the Neediest Cases seems in recent years to have become increasingly less visible. Our faith in the newspaper's concern for the weak and helpless was restored, however, when we read a nonstory on December 19 announcing that the city's "leading businessmen are forming a coalition to increase the influence of the fragmented business community by giving its many groups one voice on economic and civic issues." The names of the downtrodden and disenfranchised included Chase Manhattan chairman David Rockefeller, who is heading the drive, Walter B. Wriston (chairman of Citibank), Richard R. Shinn (president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company) and William M. Ellinghaus (president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company). Complained Wriston: "This is the only town in America that doesn't have an establishment." We expect any day now an article in the Living Section dubbing Wriston, Rockefeller and Company "The New Needy" and one in *New York* magazine on "New York's 20 Most Powerless Multinational Corporations."

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SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Victims of the Federal Bureau of Investigation's tainted Cointelpro operations continue to surface. Consider, for example, recent revelations about the case of Elmer (Geronimo) Pratt, brought to light by Representative Paul McCloskey, a Republican from San Mateo, California. In 1970 Pratt, a former Black Panther Party leader, was charged with the slaying of a white woman on a tennis court in Santa Monica. From the time of his arrest to the present, Pratt has insisted that he was in Oakland, 400 miles to the north, attending a national committee meeting of the Black Panthers when the crime occurred. Three party members testified that he was indeed in Oakland. Pratt was convicted largely on the testimony of the woman's husband and a woman who was near the scene, both of whom identified Pratt, and the testimony of a former Black Panther member, a one-time deputy sheriff named Julius Butler, who testified that Pratt had confessed the slaying. Apparently the jury had serious doubts about Pratt's guilt, for it deliberated ten days before finding him guilty in June 1972. Currently he is serving a seven-years-to-life sentence in San Quentin Prison.

Recently released documents disclose that Pratt had been a target of Cointelpro's program to "neutralize" certain Black Panther Party leaders. One document, dated six months before Pratt was indicted, states that "constant consideration" was being given to the possibility of utilizing counterintelligence measures "with efforts being directed toward neutralizing Pratt as an effective B.P.P. [Black Panther Party] functionary." Some 200 documents that have been brought to light clearly show that neither the jury nor Pratt's lawyers had all the facts. Then, too, Representative McCloskey contends that he has six documents that indicate that the witness Butler, who now serves as an aide to a Los Angeles City Councilman, had once been an F.B.I. informant, a charge that Butler denies. Also, the defense now contends that the murdered woman's husband twice identified someone other than Pratt as the killer immediately after the murder; in fact, he did not pick Pratt out of a police lineup until almost two years later. The new evidence does not, of course, conclusively prove that Pratt is innocent, but it certainly demonstrates that he did not have a fair trial. The jury had gone through ten days of deliberations, and at one point reported itself deadlocked. Finally it convicted Pratt of the $30 robbery and murder of the victim, Caroline Olsen, but some of the jurors obviously did not find the evidence against the defendant totally convincing. At any rate, Representative Ronald Dellums, a Democrat from Berkeley, has said that he will place the full weight of his office behind Pratt's effort to win a new trial.

Of particular interest in the recent disclosures is what they reveal about the depth, continuity and intimacy of the relationship between the F.B.I., the Los Angeles Police Department and the State Attorney General's office when it came to keeping political targets under close surveillance. One witness has testified, for example, that the L.A.P.D.'s written reports to the F.B.I. occupy a section of bookshelf space nearly 7 feet high by 12 feet wide. The Chief of Police has said that the department destroyed "a tremendous amount of files" in 1977 that related to Pratt; what these files might have revealed the defense will never know. In San Francisco, a U.S. magistrate who had ordered the Los Angeles Police Department to make its files available has said that he received fourteen documents delivered by mail without comment but was told nothing about files having been destroyed. The State Attorney General's office turned over some of its files only after it had argued first that it was not required by law to do so and then that it didn't have any!

San Francisco U.S. District Court Judge Samuel Conti has been sharply critical of the Attorney General's office for its uncooperativeness on the files. The evidence thus far disclosed reveals a long-standing pattern of close surveillance of political targets in which the F.B.I., the Los Angeles police and the Attorney General's office exchanged information and worked in close concert. Such disclosures are not surprising, but what is surprising, and disconcerting, is the evidence showing how difficult it has been for Pratt's lawyers to get the full facts from these three law-enforcement agencies. The Attorney General's office first refused to deliver files and then stated that it could not find any bearing on the Pratt case, while the Police Department delivered certain documents without disclosing that it had destroyed many more.

Representative McCloskey has stated that he will press for a Congressional investigation of the F.B.I.'s role in the Pratt case, as well as other similar cases, if the agency does not come clean and tell what it knows about the facts. If called, the hearings will be chaired by Representative Don Edwards, a San Jose Democrat who heads the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights. Regardless of what happens in the Pratt case, the subcommittee should go forward with the investigation and find out just what dirty tricks were employed by those in charge of the Cointelpro program to frame individuals who were on the F.B.I.'s "hit list" because of their political views. Such an investigation could unearth invaluable evidence—if it is not destroyed in the meantime—bearing on the coordinated clandestine operations by Federal, state and city law-enforcement agencies designed to "neutralize" political activists. William H. Webster, the new head of the F.B.I., should support such an investigation. If individuals like Pratt were indeed victims of frame-ups, then they are entitled to vindication and compensation for the grave injustices they have suffered. And the rest of us are entitled to reassurances that, as the F.B.I. said of the shocking Jean Seberg case, it is "out of that business forever." □

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ing themselves to local women, food and medical supplies.

The danger represented by these competing forces was brought home to me last week w' ·· friend Cephas Msipa, representative of the still il' Salisbury, had a high-velocity bullet fired throu , followed by a threatening telephone call in a Europ cent and an ad for a rifle in a local paper giving his telephone number as the seller's. The advertisement described the high-velocity weapon and added "will be used twice." There is, in short, some danger of a final paroxysm by the extremist white settlers similar to that in Algeria. The British troops, who will have instructions not to engage in any local quarrels, will be put in an awkward position if this does take place.

Finally, there are the South Africans. It has been obvious for some time that they were giving covert support to the Rhodesian armed forces—especially in maintaining their crucial monopoly of air power. Now they openly admit to doing so, and Prime Minister Pieter Botha has gone further to say that no government in Salisbury that includes Robert Mugabe will be acceptable to him. This means that there could still be—probably after the British have wound up and left the reins with a new Government—a destabilizing intervention from the south. One of the results of the Muldergate scandal has been to strengthen the position of the hard-line military right wing in South Africa itself. This faction believes that "buffer states" are now necessary, and that Namibia and Zimbabwe must not be allowed to go the way of Mozambique. South Africa, vastly strengthened economically by the rise in the world price of gold, has been able to purchase a clientele among African politicians in Salisbury, and has always enjoyed close links with a wing of Smith's Rhodesian Front. The potential for trouble from that quarter, then, should not be underestimated.

In the other scale are the quarter-million or so of Zimbabwe's youth who have been living in exile in camps and settlements over the border. Their "right to return" will be a decisive weapon in the armory of the nationalist movements. In many ways they are "the best and the brightest" of their generation, and they have been brought u ery hard school indeed. Their influence on their par ts and relatives—many of whom will only now find out if their children are alive or dead—will also be crucial in the election.

The situation is complicated even further by the fact that the rainy season is now beginning. Apart from the fact that, until the beginning of March, this makes roads and communication very difficult, it also covers Zimbabwe in luxuriant green foliage. Many of the guerrilla detachments who have been operating out of contact with headquarters for months will therefore be hard to reach. A cease-fire will be extremely tricky to enforce under these conditions—but at least it will be harder for the Government security forces to carry on any last-minute vendettas. It will also be that much more difficult for the authorities to intimidate voters, or prevent the free movement of Patriotic Front campaigners—when the British Governor legalizes political activity by the P.F. Muzorewa's election campaign began two weeks ago.

In a way, though, all this is quibbling. The main point is that, after fifteen years of suffering and massacre and exile, the nationalist elements have been strong enough to force a recognition of reality on Britain and on Salisbury. It is only a few short months since Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher said she would recognize Muzorewa. The fight has been a long and tenacious one, and the Patriotic Front is a very imperfect organization. But for all that, and at long last, "the boys and girls" are coming home.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Christopher Hitchens is the foreign editor of the New Statesman.

Indira's Comeback

India's midterm elections will be held the first week of January, and former Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, who was thoroughly discredited in the 1977 victory of the Janata Party—hailed at the time as a triumph of democracy over authoritarian rule—is reported to be on the comeback trail. The contenders in the present contest are, first, Charan Singh's Lok Dal Party, which has formed an alliance with the "Official" Indian National Congress Party, the two Communist parties, the Communist Party of India and the Communist Party of India-Marxist and other left groups. Although Singh is considered to be an opportunist—it was certainly his personal ambition to become Prime Minister that hastened the split in the ruling Janata Party last year—and is seen also as the chief representative of the "kulak class," the land-owning farmers, he is preferred by the left as the lesser of two evils. The other evil is the Jana Sangh element in Jagjivan Ram's Janata Party. It is considered to be communal and Hindu chauvinist. The Jana Sangh's support of Ram, an untouchable, is dismissed as expedient politics. Although the Communists have support in West Bengal and a few other areas, the main strength of both the Lok Dal and the Janata is in the Hindi belt and along its periphery.

The third main contender is Mrs. Gandhi's Indian National Congress-I ("Indira") Party, which at present has strength only in the state of Andhra Pradesh. What makes the current talk of a comeback by Mrs. Gandhi credible is the breakup of the Janata into the two separate contending parties. Even in the 1977 elections Mrs. Gandhi received about 30 percent of the vote. In a three-way contest, a change of even a few percentage points in her favor will mean the difference between defeat and victory. Mrs. Gandhi also enjoys another fortuitous advantage: the drought. Hitting hardest in the Hindi region, it is the worst in over a century. Its daily miseries must in some measure distract the poor people from remembering Mrs. Gandhi's rule, which they resoundingly repudiated in 1977, focusing their discontent on the more recent Janata and Lok Dal Governments.

Other concerns also play a role in the coming elections, but their full significance won't be felt until afterward. The Janata Government did achieve an important shift in em-

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phasis of India's development priorities. The earlier capital-intensive, urban orientation was replaced by increased attention to rural, agricultural and small-business problems. Mrs. Gandhi had allocated roughly 25 percent of Government expenditures to the rural sector of the economy, where 80 percent of the people must make their living; the Janata Government increased the figure to about 40 percent. Both Ram's present Janata Party and Singh's Lok Dal would continue this new orientation, Singh the more aggressively.

Mrs. Gandhi challenges this new economic emphasis. And she has not repudiated the authoritarian measures she used during her Emergency rule. Rather, she continues to defend her actions and has gathered around her many of the same coterie of advisers she had during that time, most particularly her son Sanjay. Even before the Emergency, her rule was characterized by two objectives: to have complete control over her party, and to run the country from New Delhi through the bureaucracy, the police and political appointees whose chief virtue was loyalty to her. She has given little reason to believe that her policies have changed.

Mrs. Gandhi is not taking any chances: she is running in two constituencies at once, her "home" in Rae Bareli in Uttar Pradesh and in a "safe" constituency in Andhra Pradesh. At least one thing is certain: whatever the final outcome, Mrs. Gandhi will be in a stronger position after the elections than she is now, commanding only sixty or so of the 542 votes in Parliament.

We can only hope that despite the drought and despite the three-way race, and despite the uninspiring Janata record, the people in the countryside and in the hutments of the cities will for a second time save India from its politicians. Yet even if the Janata Party or the Lok Dal separately, or together in some new expedient coalition, win enough votes to thwart Mrs. Gandhi again, the same aging figures and rivalries will continue to dominate Indian politics. And of course Mrs. Gandhi will continue to be active, gaining ever more legitimacy with each election she contests, skewing the political process still more in the shape of her personal obsessions. More than the rains are needed to end India's present drought.

ARTICLES.

A PLACE IN THE SUNBELT

The Phoenix Growth Machine

BOB GOTTLIEB

Phoenix

Near the Phoenix city limits, just past the suburbs of Scottsdale, hugging the McDowell Mountains and out into desert country (the real Arizona, saguaro cactus, sagebrush, the reds and browns of the central desert), you can see it a good two miles away in the shimmering heat: a ghastly white massive spout of water, what the developer calls the "snow white column of water," shooting high into the air, giving an extraordinary sensation of incongruity and *violation.*

"Welcome to Fountain Hills," the signs say, yet another planned community for the Valley of the Sun, where the world's highest fountain, higher they say than Pharaoh's Pyramids, higher even than the Washington Monument, shoots its spray more than 560 feet in the air with three giant turbine pumps belching out 7,000 gallons a minute into a thirty-acre man-made lake that sits undisturbed, a superimposition on desert reality.

Phoenix is a developer's city, the pivot of the Southwest's growth machine, a builder's dream come true. The signs are everywhere: the city oozes new planned communities and subdivisions. Leisure World, Sun City, McCormick Ranch, Carefree, Golden Hills, Dreamland Village, the names of the projects match their promo: "Your Place in the Sun: For a Carefree Life Style"; "Why Wait? Move into the Best Years of Your Life"; "The Excitement Is Here and the Dust Hasn't Even Settled"; "Some Call It a Holiday. You Can Call It Home"; "Do It Now Before the Rest of the World Finds Out."

The figures are extraordinary. According to a chart prepared by the Maricopa County Planning Department on existing large-scale developments in the greater Phoenix area, there are forty-three different developments approved or under construction that will occupy more than 125,000 acres of land with a projected population of upward of 800,000 people. Those are people, few of whom now live in Phoenix, whose arrival over the next several years will geometrically increase the trend toward massive growth that has characterized Phoenix's development since the late 1950s. In 1978, more than 117,000 people entered the Phoenix Salt River Valley, or just under 10 percent of the region's entire population.

This development is fed not only by an influx of people but of corporations as well. Since the late 1960s, the city has made a major effort to attract new businesses, particularly national or multinational companies considering a move of their corporate headquarters. Favorable tax laws were passed to help subsidize such moves, and a number of companies responded: Greyhound, American Express, Sentry Insurance, Motorola and Ramada Inn, among others, now have corporate headquarters in the valley. Each move germinates the next: after Motorola's relocation a number of years ago, for example, the Phoenix power structure sought to attract several new electronic or software-type companies and plants, thereby establishing this Sunbelt center as a major new high-technology employment area, with the kind of highly paid, skilled work force that could fit in well with the expensive

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new homes and condominiums of the Arizona life style.

The Sunbelt ideology has taken hold in Phoenix, and the local power structure is keenly aware of the shifts of power in the country toward Dallas, Houston, Phoenix and Los Angeles. The groundwork for an emerging Southwest power complex has been laid by the combination of the real estate bonanza, population explosion and new corporate infrastructure.

And, of course, the government. In this land of sentimentalized frontier values and conservative "let the market decide" ideology, it was the Federal, state and local governments, and not the private sector, that created the foundations of growth. The Federal Government's Bureau of Reclamation's first large-scale water project, the Roosevelt Dam, made possible the Phoenix Valley's agricultural development, and the Government-financed road system linking the farms to their urban markets helped the development of an integrated regional economy.

Parallel to the development of that integrated economy arose an informal network of behind-the-scenes figures who ran the town and decided on the direction of its development. Three key figures stood out above all others: Walter Bimson, head of the Valley National Bank, which financed much of the agricultural and real estate development in the valley and throughout the Southwest; Frank Snell, who put together the consortium that created Arizona Public Service, the state's largest utility, and whose law firm handled Arizona's crucial water problems, and Eugene Pulliam, the irascible, strong-minded publisher of *The Republic* and *The Gazette*, the town's only morning and afternoon papers. These three could call on a number of other key local lawyers, bankers and merchants to dictate policy on every issue affecting the valley: from annexation (city limits by early 1979 encompassed some 325 square miles), zoning, redevelopment, cultural affairs and, most important, the establishment of a growth machine based on favorable tax laws, to real estate development, available water, a pro-business climate and the booster ethic.

By the mid-1960s a new type of businessman had arrived in Arizona: the developer/promoter/packager of gimmicks and fantastic deals who traded in bribes as much as land. Gov. Bruce Babbitt recalls the period as one when half the state legislators or county supervisors were on the take and the other half wanted in, ready at a moment's notice to give up some state land or zoning restriction for a development scheme cushioned with a politician's "finder's fee."

It was the era of the Robert McCullochs, Ned Warrens and Kemper Marleys: names now associated with the scams and violence that made the headlines after the murder of *Arizona Republic* reporter Don Bolles. McCulloch was particularly egregious in his tactics. This oilman, chainsaw manufacturer and land developer, who also bought the London Bridge to give "identity" to his Lake Havasu City development, bulldozed his way through the Arizona desert to create the Fountain Hills project, causing one planning commissioner to comment that McCulloch didn't need a zoning permit, he needed "a permit to operate a mine." "You people," the commissioner said of the McCulloch group, "have committed the biggest rape of the earth I've ever seen."

The growth machine carried a lot more than land along its way. The population-growth statistics became almost as popular a topic of civic puffery as the salubrious weather: from 186,000 in greater Phoenix before World War II, to 663,000 in 1960, 971,000 in 1970, to more than 1.4 million by 1978. But the business-cum-political-cum-booster establishment wanted more, lots more, eagerly anticipating the predicted "unprecedented growth" that would fuel their "engine for economic development," as Gil Bradley of the Valley National Bank put it.

Not everybody belonged to the club. A strong constituency in Phoenix emerged out of the expansionist years calling for limits on growth. A recent series of opinion polls conducted by a local polling organization that appeared in the pro-growth *Arizona Republic* pointed to an overwhelming antidevelopment majority that cut across class lines, from the barrios on the south side, to the working-class communities on the west, to the middle-class suburbs sprinkled throughout the valley. Yet, although strong majorities said they "deplored growth," many of the same respondents felt growth was inevitable; an attitude only reinforced when figures like Phoenix Mayor Margaret Hance said of the polls that she couldn't really believe that people meant what they said. "The people I talk to," she said, "don't feel that way about growth."

In many ways the growth explosion makes Phoenix look something like a war zone. Unfinished roads pass through agricultural fields or desert land to then run adjacent to new subdivisions that are half completed. Mayor Hance and her council allies talk of the need to annex land to the city to control development—"It will happen beyond the city's boundaries anyway"—and to prevent a "Newark or St. Louis situation" from happening, meaning the middle-class tax base fleeing to the suburbs and starving the inner city to death.

Phoenix, however, like most of the new Western cities, never had an inner-city problem. Expansion operated according to its own inner laws, unrelentingly. New subdivisions were built where it was physically possible, creating their own urbanization patterns. Sprawl might well be a misnomer for such a pattern. There is little to sprawl from or to; the urban expansion process has no center, no ecological boundary point. The metastasizing urban cancer metaphor works better. "I guess what we call sprawl," declared Duke Tulley, a newcomer to the Phoenix power structure, "they call Arizona life style."

And so much of that life style is focused on water. Water consciousness rivals weather consciousness and population data. Everywhere are signs to remind you that somehow, somewhere, water is plentiful: fountains, sprinklers, grassy medians artificially created and, of course, lakes. Arizona has more artificial lakes than anywhere else in the world, and, as its boosters love to point out, more boats per capita than anywhere in the country.

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Despite its desert climate, the Phoenix Valley does have some water; water stored in the ground that has been pumped over the years to provide first agriculture and now urbanized development with its necessary ingredient. Arizona also has an extensive network of water irrigation projects and dams, the key one located along the Salt River, which borders and runs through Phoenix. These water projects had been used for many years exclusively for agricultural operations, though some early conflicts over water pitted the large farmers against the big mining interests who ruled over the southern part of the state.

In the late 1940s, the farming interests, declaring that pumping was slowly depleting all the ground water, pushed for a new project to utilize water from the Colorado River through a system of waterways and dams that was known as the Central Arizona Project (C.A.P.). After a complex history of favorable court rulings (against California) and Congressional maneuvering (linking up with some Rocky Mountain interests), C.A.P. was passed in 1968: an extravagant, costly (total estimated Federal support: $1.8 billion) project designed to subsidize the future of Arizona agribusiness.

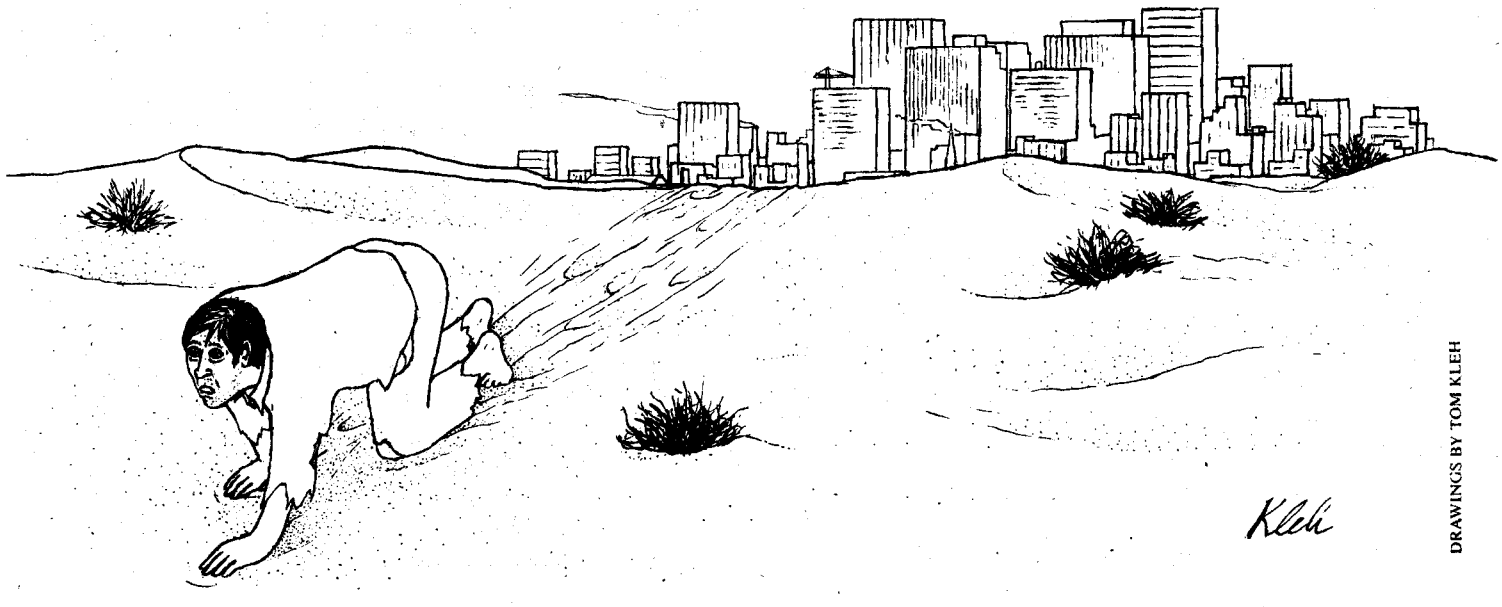
But then a funny thing called development happened along the way, and those agricultural lands inexorably began to give way to new subdivisions, a process the farmers happily called conversion. The farmers had good reason to rejoice: they were making big profits from the sale of their lands or, in some cases, sharing with the subdivider by investing in the development scheme.

Agricultural lands require far more water than even the most extravagant subdivision, so the logic behind C.A.P. has been undermined. Yet the forces mobilized behind C.A.P.—the cross section of Arizona's business and political establishment led by such anti-Government-spending conservatives as Barry Goldwater and John Rhodes—have come up with a new idea: the water is needed for what is called "m. & i.," i.e., municipal and industrial use.

We don't need the water for what exists now in Phoenix, the water lobby argues, but for the population that is to come. Those needs, in fact, are vague: no one wants to be pinned down to a specific figure. Growth, the boosters argue, has no limits. Plentiful water preserves, as Mayor Hance has put it, "the constitutional right to relocate in Phoenix." The prophecy is self-fulfilling: water feeds development feeds the need for more water feeds new development: an unending cycle in this brave new Sunbelt world where ownership of "water-intensive" air conditioners is perhaps the most important single class distinction. In the Valley of the Sun, the other side of the tracks consists of homes without surcease from the 115-degree summers.

Despite the Sunbelt protestations to the contrary, class divisions in Phoenix are real—and extreme. Unemployment figures during recessionary periods are higher than national averages, without taking into account the thousands of Mexican migrant workers who work and live in their cardboard shacks provided by the big agribusiness interests in the northwest section of the valley. Yet, amid some of the worst poverty in the region, the Del Webb Company, in conjunction with cotton grower J.G. Boswell, built a model retirement community called Sun City and plunked it down in the middle of this farming region. Within twenty years, the Webb corporation created a mini-city of 50,000 upper- and middle-class whites, mostly relocated Midwesterners, all over the age of 50 and living in rows and rows of small and middle-size single-family dwellings with their eleven golf courses, three country clubs, several recreation centers, shopping centers, restaurants and a 200-bed hospital called the Boswell Memorial Hospital. There are no blacks or Hispanics in Sun City and even visiting grandchildren under the age of 18 can't use the recreation facilities. It is a closed, walled-in slice of what Webb likes to think of as the end point of the American dream.

But the consequences of creating this mini-city for the politics and "life style" of the region are extraordinary. Sun Citians are an incalculable economic and political force. Banks proudly declare that those 50,000 well-to-do immigrants have more money ($1 billion in 1978) on deposit than any single per-capita grouping in the valley. Sun Citians also vote, and the legislature and county supervisors are sprinkled with conservative to extreme right-wing Sun City representatives who stand firm against the forces of fiscal irresponsi-



DRAWINGS BY TOM KLEH

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bility and godless Communism. The conservative "I won't pay a dime for these 'illegal aliens'" Sun Citians consistently vote down bond measures for schools and other services in the area. The hospital, run by Webb and Boswell, refuses to accept those who can't pay for their services, i.e., any of the undocumented migrant workers who cannot receive Medicare or insurance protection. A lawsuit recently filed against the hospital involved just such a case—an undocumented worker whose arm had to be amputated after he was refused service at the hospital.

Racial tensions are potentially explosive in the Sunbelt, though they too remain hidden, under the surface. The proximity of the Mexican border is not the only sore point—Indians are once again coming back to haunt an expansionist Arizona. The most cherished part of the C.A.P. complex—the Orme Dam on the northeast of Phoenix, intended for irrigation, flood control and various other water needs—has been temporarily halted, in part because the Yavapai tribe, who live on a reservation that would be flooded if the dam went through, decided they'd rather keep their land than receive financial compensation.

Though much discontent exists about the growth machine, no politician, at least in Phoenix (and even a Udall supports C.A.P. for Tucson's developing future), has emerged to tap into it. Phoenix Mayor Hance wears her pro-growth badge proudly and unabashedly commits Phoenix funds to the water lobby's organization. She sits on the board of directors of the Valley National Bank ("Of course I wouldn't vote on something that directly concerns them," she says, though it's hard to see what doesn't concern the V.N.B. in Phoenix) and thinks of a career in "community relations" for a large corporation once she retires from politics.

Governor Babbitt strikes a different image than his Phoenix counterpart, but he also has made his peace with the state's power structure. A member of the family that ran Flagstaff for decades (his uncle also sits on the Valley National Bank board), Babbitt got his reputation as the crusading Attorney General who picked up on the Don Bolles investigation while befriending the out-of-town reporters from the Investigative Reporters and Editors group whose extraordinary series on organized crime and land speculation and profiles of some of the Arizona power structure, including the Goldwater brothers, top Republican kingpin Harry Rosenzweig and builder and casino operator Del Webb, caused enormous concern to the Phoenix business establishment. Babbitt, as he delved into white-collar crime, seemed a possible threat, maybe even some kind of populist. "I remember how Bruce joined our rap sessions, talking about subverting the system, and using environmentally inspired lawsuits," one fellow law student recalled of Babbitt's days at the University of Arizona.

Then, unexpectedly, after one gubernatorial resignation (to take an Ambassador's post) and another governor's death, Babbitt, by the line of succession, found himself in the State House. Soon after, he ran for election for a full term, campaigning on some environmental themes, emphasizing his love of the outdoors, his books on the Grand Canyon and his desire to protect state lands from speculators. He became, for many of those who had been on the edge of despair about the future of the growth machine, a breath of fresh air, a possible hope for an otherwise bleak-looking future.

But Babbitt, since assuming the Governor's post, has, in a style similar to Gov. Jerry Brown's, established rapport with the business/booster types, appointing as one of his top advisers the man who'd been the link to the growth forces under the previous governor, talking a fiscal conservative line on budget matters and supporting C.A.P. against what he calls California's "rapacious demands." Even Babbitt's talk of holding back state lands from development until a workable, orderly plan is created was confounded by his creation of a committee on the state lands that was overwhelmingly pro-developer and chaired by Gary Driggs, a Savings and Loan executive and one of the biggest pro-development voices in the community.

Driggs talks of a future dominated by the market forces encouraging development. "The market is overwhelming and will overwhelm all in its path," he declares, his voice rising in pitch. "It's what the people want," he goes on. "Popular enterprise is just following the popular will." Driggs's maps are spread out, showing where the metastasis might spread next, his figures demonstrating that despite the 1974-75 recession, when some developers, himself included, took a bath, building starts had since gone way up, to four times their previous figures. It can never end, Driggs and his developer friends seem to say, this empire on the desert can grow as wide as the desert itself.

If you watch the fountain at Fountain Hills, you can see in the desert heat how some of the spray evaporates into the air before it falls into the artificial lake. Then, all of a sudden, when fifteen minutes are up, the turbines get turned off, and you hear a sound like whoosh. Instantly, the column of water collapses, and, with a thump, disappears into the lake.

And then, nothing. Just the quiet of the land and the silence of the desert. □

SOUTH SIDE STORY

The Other Side Of the Boom

PHIL PRIMACK

Rawlins, Wyo.

For this town just east of the Continental Divide, mineral development is no new thing. Rawlins, after all, is the seat of a county called Carbon. And coal from this area fueled much of the early expansion of the Union Pacific Railroad in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

What is new, however, is the scale and intensity of the

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mineral exploitation today. Not only is far more coal being mined and processed than ever before in the Rawlins area but vast oil, gas and uranium reserves are now also being tapped and developed. Such major energy conglomerates as Sinclair and Getty are becoming increasingly active. In short, Rawlins has crossed the fuzzy but costly line from steady growth to outright boom. Of course, to a country warned daily of a coming energy apocalypse, the problems of places like Rawlins and Wyoming seem minor league. After all, what're a few Rawlinses, or Circle, Montanas, or Beulah, North Dakotas, when there is the mysterious Middle East to worry about?

But in places like Rawlins, some longtime residents are paying the price for the frantic search for energy. True, the boom has offered high-paying jobs which may even be recession-proof for a lot of new people. Unfortunately, Rawlins is running out of places for these people to live. In fact, in only one part of the city—the South Side—can you legally place a mobile home today. Indeed, if land and services were available in that old flood plain, it's likely that trailers would be forming into a metallic herd.

Most of the people desperately looking for places to live are white and well paid. Most of the people living in the South Side are Hispanic, people with a long history of local economic and social discrimination. They are now starting to wonder just how the boom and their community are likely to mix in these next few years.

Located on the wrong side of the Union Pacific tracks from downtown Rawlins, the South Side is a section of mainly small and older homes, some dating back to the days of the railroad boom, which originally spawned the neighborhood. While some new housing has been built in recent years, a sign of the current growth which has rewarded many in Rawlins, including some in the South Side, with better-paying jobs and opportunities, the neighborhood remains in many ways an ethnic enclave.

The 1970 census reported that more than 1,700 people lived in this section of Rawlins, which had a total population of 7,855 that year. About 70 percent of the South Side's residents were Mexican-Americans. The proportion of minority people in Rawlins has probably since declined, because most of the new arrivals, who have doubled the town's population in the past decade, are white. Job gains by minorities have probably been as much due to affirmative action requirements as local labor demand.

For years this separate community has had to do without sidewalks, adequate sewers, curbs and gutters. A grant from the Department of Housing and Urban Development, supplemented by city money, is expected to provide the South Side with physical amenities long taken for granted in most other parts of Rawlins. Some South Siders won't believe the improvement plan until the asphalt is laid. A few even wonder who will eventually be attracted to the neighborhood—whether by design or happenstance—by the improvements.

"I don't think the majority of people here realize it yet," said Sadie Garcia, "but this big crowd and big money coming in is going to push us out. They're going to find excuses to move the Spanish people out, tear down our houses and put up trailer courts."

That concern is now felt by only a small number of South Side residents. "They can't make you sell your house," said Max Martinez, who came to Rawlins from New Mexico in 1920. Besides, he added, "sometimes it's better to live in new trailers than in some of the shacks around here." Still, he feels that the South Side has long been neglected, and doubts that the attitude of the rest of town toward it has changed much recently.

Martinez's son, DeBari, is one of two Hispanics on the seven-member Rawlins City Council. The gains that have been made in the South Side have come slowly, he said. The main improvement has been in individual job opportunities. "Ten years ago there were only two places to work here, the railroad or the oil refinery, and the railroad simply didn't hire Spanish people. Now people are getting jobs and making more. Even in view of the inflation here, bread may be $1 a loaf instead of 40 cents, but at least you can buy it."

Nevertheless, Martinez is worried about the future of the South Side as a community. "For a long time we were neglected simply because we were Chicano. Now it's gone to a different level—the discrimination against us is because we're the other side of the tracks, an old part of a growing town. Everyone is more interested in the new developments going up. Old residents are finding their areas neglected in favor of the new ones," where people who are more affluent and pay more taxes reside.

Viewed from a hill above the South Side, the main part of Rawlins rises beyond the tracks. The South Side nestles in its own little hollow, the green and brown roofs giving it the look of an old settlement. But the acres of land being excavated all around signify an encroaching building boom. Major new housing and trailer developments, including new town house condominiums occupied mainly by newcomers, contrast sharply with the small frame and stucco homes that dominate the South Side.

Many of those homes are substandard. But, according to Pauline Gonzalez, "People are afraid to complain or request funds for repairs, because then their homes might be condemned." It's hard enough for anyone to find a place to live in boom towns like Rawlins, but for low-income or fixed-income older people, finding housing they can afford is nearly impossible.

Gonzalez is the organizer for the Concerned Citizens of the South Side, a mainly Chicano group trying to make the city more responsive to the neighborhood's needs. "Because some of our people are doing a lot better today, they're not looking enough at some of the negative aspects we're starting to feel," she said. Like other energy towns in the West,

Phil Primack, a freelance writer living in Billings, Montana, has been working under a Ford Foundation grant to research the effects of energy-related growth on Western communities.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS

The Nation will not publish on January 5. Our next issue will be dated January 5-12, 1980.

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Rawlins is facing the backswing of the economic-development pendulum. Older residents of the city tend to feel the economic burdens most, particularly since they generally have lower incomes than the new boomers to whom much of the local economy is now geared.

Older and minority people may feel it hardest at first, but for many longtime residents, things are getting very tight. Rents for one-bedroom apartments start at $400 a month, and people feel lucky even to find them. The overall cost of living is spurred by national double-digit inflation compounded by a local boom surcharge.

If you're making the big money from boom jobs, you still do pretty well. But an analysis of Rawlins's employment patterns reveals a sharp polarization in incomes. About half the people have secured good salaries, but half are probably having an increasingly difficult time living on what they earn. In this latter group are many of Rawlins's longtime residents.

In December 1978, more than 8,300 people had jobs in Carbon County, a 200 percent increase in just five years. About half were in mining, manufacturing or construction. The rest were in service and support jobs. The biggest single employer was mining, where 2,700 workers averaged $471 a week, according to the Employment Security Commission of Wyoming. The next biggest job supplier was "services with agriculture, forestry and fisheries," which along with railroading had long been the economic staple of the county. The 1,800 people working in this group averaged only $168 a week—about a third of what the miners were making. Six hundred construction workers averaged $244 a week, and about 400 manufacturing employees earned almost $320. But the 1,440 people working in retail trade averaged just $149 a week—about half as much as the 353 employees in the transportation, communications and utilities group, who earned $300 a week on the average.

The inflationary and population pressures created by newcomers holding jobs in energy-related companies have caused most of the economic problems in Rawlins. Those who have held steady retail or other service jobs for years now find that the $3 or $4 an hour wage which was once adequate simply is insufficient today. One result is an increase in two-wage-earner households, according to Marie Hill of the Carbon County Job Security Office. Women have found some work in the better-paying energy field, but not generally at high levels, she said. Overall, the county's unemployment rate is only 1.3 percent. "This is a job-seekers' market," Hill said. The influx of people hoping to land the big boom paychecks continues, she added, despite the housing shortage. The few "Help Wanted" ads in a recent Rawlins *Daily Times* were mainly for waitresses, motel maids, housekeepers, clerks and baby sitters. (The classified section incidentally, no longer carries rental listings—why advertise buried treasure?)

Most of these low-paying jobs are taken by Chicanos, Gonzalez said. "But you just can't make it on that kind of money." And older people and single parents either can't afford or are unable to drive the forty miles or more which is sometimes necessary for the bigger-paying jobs. "We have a lot of people who because of lack of education or living situations can't cash in on those jobs," Gonzalez said. "And they're really hurting."

While low-income and minority groups have long had to cope with such economic pressures, many others in Rawlins are beginning to learn that it can cost a lot to be prosperous. The trend that has seen the town's population double within a decade is likely to continue well into the 1980s. Those new people will require housing and adequate sewer and water systems. They bring with them the need for extra police, fire, school and other services. The net result is that while Rawlins's vastly increased total assessed valuation has kept individual property taxes from rising, the basic cost of municipal services is skyrocketing. "We are broke from the growth," said assistant city engineer Kim Keaton, "and we are getting further and further behind."

The fee for connecting a new house to sewer and water lines is now nearly $1,500. Monthly fees for these services are about to double. And on top of such routine costs, the city estimates that it needs at least $50 million in basic capital improvements before it can accommodate the 25,000 people Rawlins is likely to have within a few years. Most of the new developments put up to house these people are outside the city limits and contribute no city taxes. Wyoming law makes it nearly impossible for towns or counties to assess companies for the added costs engendered by their work force requirements, so the financial and tax burden falls on permanent residents. And it is these same longtime Rawlins people who are often making far less money than the new arrivals.

"People who have lived here for a long time are paying again for the privilege of living in Rawlins, Wyoming," said City Treasurer Harriett Carlson. "The time has come that if the development is going to continue, these companies are

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simply going to have to be more responsive to the communities." She is not overly optimistic that they will be.

Beyond the financial problems, concern is also growing in all Western development areas about threats to the quality of life. The small-town life style is often stripped away like the topsoil covering the coal and uranium. Even so, many local families are finding such costs acceptable since the jobs that result at least offer the chance for children to work, and continue to live, in Rawlins. Pauline Gonzalez, for instance, has deep roots in the South Side. Her father was a sheepherder, her mother did motel cleaning and hospital work. Of five sisters and one brother, all except one remain in the Rawlins area. Her husband works at the oil refinery and of her six children, all are either working locally or in school. This is a not uncommon South Side family arrangement. To many, the availability of jobs has meant families can stay together, particularly important to Chicano culture.

Yet even strong family ties are undergoing stress as a result of the boom cycle. "Historically, Chicano families absorb old people into their homes," said Betty Chavez-Holcomb. "But if the children are already hard pressed financially, this could cause tremendous social problems. This pressure, combined with all the changing values being introduced by the new people coming in, is starting to cause real strains on the structure of families."

That problem is not limited to the South Side, or to Rawlins, of course. Rapidly growing areas throughout the West report that the increase in social and financial pressures, combined with the transient nature of boomer life, can cause family breakdown and increased spouse and child abuse. In 1972, only two cases of child abuse were reported in Carbon County, according to Ray Ring of the Department of Public Assistance and Social Services. "It looks like we'll end up with about thirty-five this year," he said.

Ring, however, feels that for the most part, his agency is able to handle such increased problems even though the staff "is basically the same size as it was in 1965." He admitted that older and fixed-income people "are getting killed" by the local cost of living, but insisted that he "has more goddamn money than we can spend" for aid and services.

"There's no real poverty in this county today," Ring claims, "except in some large families and among illiterate people." He said that most requests for emergency relief come from transients who haven't yet landed jobs. "There's no excuse for any able person in this county to be unemployed."

Gonzalez and others charge that Ring's office does a poor outreach job, and that many who need such benefits as food stamps don't know how to go about getting them, or otherwise find the department "a hostile place to go." That view seemed to be generally shared within the South Side. "It's part of the whole picture," one older resident stated. "They don't want to help us out, even when we're long overdue for it."

"A lot of people around here would like to have better homes," said 76-year-old Alfonzo Sandoval. "I'm one of them. But I don't want to go into debt, and I don't want to give up what I have." Living on a $392-a-month railroad pension and the income from two part-time jobs, Sandoval claims he can barely get by. He currently has an outstanding $1,500 hospital bill.

"All I have is the value of my home," Sandoval said. It's a tenuous feeling of security. He worries that the influx of trailers in developments in and near the South Side will cause property values to go down. Perhaps more ominous, he and others realize that trailer courts have a way of spreading—and the South Side is the only part of Rawlins where trailers may locate.

Gonzalez is frustrated that more people in her own community are not active. "Anglos have always been organized to do all kinds of things," she said. "But when minorities do it, it's a threat. Somehow we become militants. We have a lot of work to do if we're going to get through all this development and survive." Sadie Garcia agrees: "I've been here for twenty-six years. It was a boom town then, which was why we came—my husband was a bartender and gambler." Now Rawlins is a boom town again, only bigger and probably more enduring. Even so, Garcia isn't sure it will last. "I think the future's going to be kind of hard on us here in the South Side," she said. "We're going to be feeling a whole lot of pressure."

She could have been speaking for communities throughout the Northern Plains and Rockies; the mix of diesel and sagebrush is sending disquieting portents across the prairies. □

BOSS WHITE?

Boston for the Gentry

EDWARD D. McCLURE and
KIRK SCHARFENBERG

Boston

In Boston, it is the best of times. Every day thousands of visitors and lunching businessmen flock to the restaurants and boutiques of the revitalized Faneuil Hall-Quincy Market commercial center on the city's waterfront. An accelerating pace of condominium conversions signals the renewed interest of the well-to-do in residing in Boston. Its promoters proclaim it the nation's most livable city. There is serious talk of ten to fifteen new hotels in the city and $10 billion of new construction in the 1980s. The recently dedicated Kennedy Library is a cultural star attraction.

But it also is the worst of times. Five years after the implementation of school desegregation, black students bused to South Boston High are subjected to a fusillade of rocks and football-sized boulders thrown by masked whites. A black

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football player is shot and probably paralyzed permanently during a scrimmage in the city's Charlestown neighborhood, an area of intense antibusing sentiment. That precipitates two weeks of sporadic racial violence, including an attack by a band of roving whites on a black couple sitting in Boston Common. There is serious debate over whether Boston is possibly America's most racist city.

To an outsider it may all seem a paradox. A city so vibrant and yet so troubled. An urban success story; an urban tragedy. But for those viewing the situation up close it seems all of a piece. The winners in Boston are the investors, the tourists attracted to its growing vanity economy, the professionals who commute daily, abandoning the city at nightfall. The many who reside in Boston's working-class neighborhoods, both black and white, however, find their fortunes are not rising with the tide. Unemployment in white South Boston exceeds 12 percent, more than twice the official citywide figure; in black Roxbury it's above 20 percent; for the youths of both those communities an unemployment rate of 40 percent is now chronic. Burdened with the highest property taxes in the nation, squeezed by an influx of middle- and upper-middle-income families back into Boston, pressed by skyrocketing rents (and a 3 percent vacancy rate in apartments), impoverished by rising fuel costs, they are not sure that the "revitalized" Boston has a place for them. Rightly insecure about their futures, they turn on those below them on the economic ladder who, they fear, are trying to take their place. Whites turn on blacks; blacks strike back at whites.

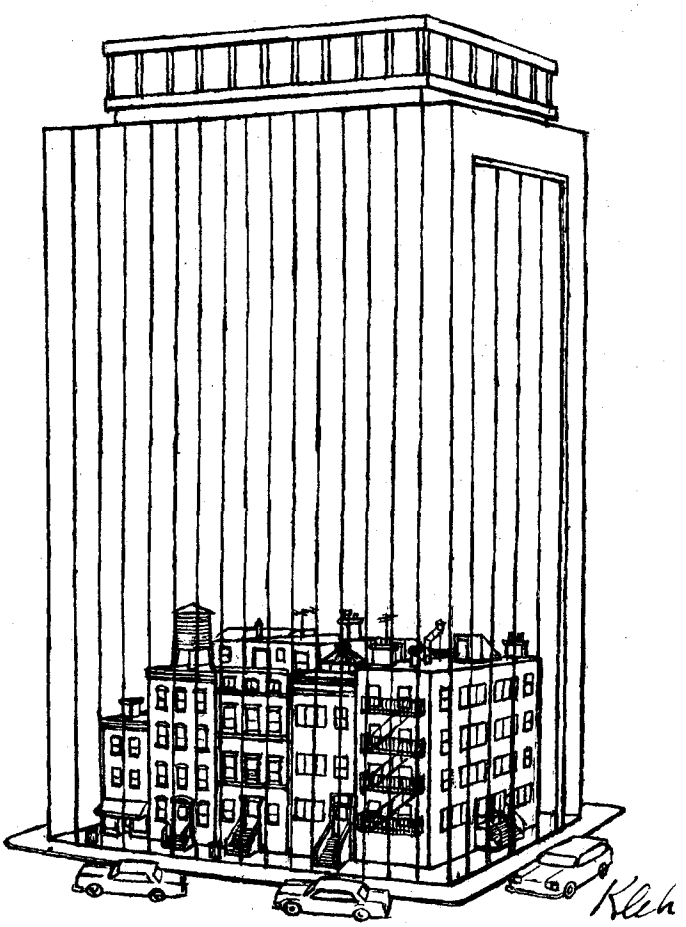
Presiding over all of this is Boston's 50-year-old Mayor, Kevin White. First elected in 1967 as a "liberal" mayor of the John Lindsay school (the alternative to Louise Day Hicks), he was re-elected to an unprecedented fourth consecutive term November 6. With the nearly unanimous backing of all establishment figures and institutions, with a Daley-style machine tended by 1,500 city workers, he garnered nearly 55 percent of the vote against State Senator Joseph Timilty.

No man is solely responsible for the city's racial unrest. But Kevin White deserves a good share of the blame. In the last two years he worked assiduously to cultivate South Boston, the worst of South Boston. Whatever his intentions, his actions seemed to give sanction to those who aggravated racial hostilities. Until just three weeks before the election, White retained on the city payroll James M. Kelly, the head of the South Boston Information Center, an organization dedicated to keeping the antibusing banner flying, to forever magnifying the city's racial discord. Only when it emerged that Kelly planned to hold an avowed whites-only meeting right in Kevin White's City Hall did his municipal paychecks stop.

White defended his retention of Kelly by asserting that he was seeking to reach out to all segments of the community. When on Election Day he scored victories in both South Boston and Roxbury, he proclaimed that "we will in this city no longer be divided as a people." He would have had a hard time convincing the group of black teen-agers who, just two days earlier, had had to lie on the floor of the bus they were taking home from a movie as it was stoned passing through South Boston. "We were riding home," recounted one of them, "and then we could hear the rocks and people shouting, 'Niggers, kill the niggers,' then thunk, thunk, and glass breaking and them coming right up to the bus and hitting it with bats or something."

White had not unified the city; he had brokered it. Few in Boston thought otherwise. Politically his strategy has been an unquestioned success; socially it has been a disaster. One has to admire the skills of a man who can carry South Boston and Roxbury in the midst of racial discord, who can employ a James Kelly and win an endorsement from an Edward W. Brooke. And the fact is that with more time to perfect his machine, to polish his patronage operation, to cement his relations with permit-seeking, campaign-contributing developers, Kevin White can become an unbeatable mayoral institution.

But such a result will not unify Boston. It is the most ethnic, the most turf-conscious of cities. White areas like South Boston and East Boston and Charlestown are geographically isolated. They are populated by the Irish who for years were told they need not apply, who wrested control from the Yankee establishment and who, with their future so clouded, are not about to relinquish it to blacks or the growing Hispanic population. And, as David Finnegan, a mayoral candidate in the preliminary election this year himself and the outgoing president of the city's school committee, wrote recently in *The Boston Globe*, "White politicians [in Boston] are not willing to talk about racial problems in a



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way which will either offend or alienate white voters. In short, white politicians don't want to talk about the truth." Even after the election, when it seemed there might be no voters to offend, Mayor White persisted in talking of the city's racial problems as a problem of law enforcement.

To deal with it otherwise, of course, would have meant not only offending some voters but possibly disturbing the suburban-dominated establishment that likes the Mayor's downtown style. It might mean discussing whether rent controls ought to be reimposed in the city, whether condominium conversions ought to be halted, whether tax breaks granted to new construction ought to be targeted away from downtown and toward the neighborhoods, whether jobs in new city-assisted projects ought to be set aside for city residents; whether, in short, substantive steps ought to be taken to alleviate the economic pressures that find quick release in racial strife.

During the violence this fall, religious leaders, who had kept silent during past racial troubles in Boston, organized a petition against violence and bigotry. A few neighborhood summits were called. The business community took out newspaper advertisements to urge harmony. But no one whispered a word about how Boston suburbanites who benefit from the city's successes might contribute something toward rectifying its failings. Never did major employers suggest any hiring programs aimed at Boston residents. Never did the city's colleges talk about opening their doors wider to lower-income city students. Without such steps, Boston's racial divisions will not soon be bridged. If low- and moderate-income Bostonians are uncertain about how they fit into the city's future, they will resist attempts by other groups to claim their share.

If you have some money to spend, Boston is a good place to live; it is a habitable city and getting more attractive every day. In some gentrified neighborhoods, housing that sold for no more than $15,000 a few years ago now attracts offers of $50,000. But public housing is in such incredible shambles that a Superior Court judge recently put it into receivership. There's a new condominium garage on Beacon Hill—pay $8,500 and $66 a month and a nifty parking space is yours; but public transit deteriorates daily and there is talk of doubling the fares. Downtown boutiques proliferate and flourish, but only a handful of neighborhood shopping centers could be described as prosperous. New hotels, new luxury housing and new restaurants abound on the waterfront, but the plans for a job-producing container-port facility flounder. Kevin White calls the Quincy Market a symbol of Boston for the 1980s. But black State Senator Mel King, like Finnegan a loser in the preliminary election for Mayor, notes, "I go down there and I don't see anybody who looks like me." James Kelly could probably make much the same point.

The energy crisis and changing life styles do herald a brighter day for cities in the 1980s. By some measures that day has already dawned in Boston. In the 1980s, Mayor White declared on election night, "We're going to make it the first city among all in the world." Maybe so. But it will depend upon who is compiling the rankings. □

Big Oil

(Continued From Front Cover)

Arthur D. Little, also worked on "the President's plan" and received $180,000 for its labors. The firm has worked for a number of coal producers and companies interested in nuclear and solar developments.

The inordinate amount of double-interest input into the President's National Energy Plan is just one example of the almost total penetration of the Energy Department by the oil interests. On November 15, the General Accounting Office issued a report bluntly stating that, in 1978, the department, which has 20,000 employees, spent 79 percent of its total budget, a whopping $8.5 billion, in 5,000 awards to private contractors who were to tell it what it was to do and how to do it. This was the worst record, the G.A.O. report said, compiled by any Federal agency. The G.A.O. report added:

> Each of the five organizations within the Department of Energy appear to be contracting with private firms to carry out some of its basic management functions. These contracts are written so that the contractors are required to perform activities such as program planning and development and establishing goals and priorities. Some of these contracts also appear to provide contractors wide latitude for participation in the development of energy policy and offer the potential for allowing the contractor to determine energy policy.

The footprints of the Rockefeller interests are all over this private-contracting double-agent system that does so much to mold national energy policy. In 1974, the Federal Energy Administration, a predecessor of the D.O.E., entered into a contract with a Parsippany, New Jersey, firm named R. Shriver Associates. The contract was issued at the insistence of David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan Bank. As the Department of Energy itself later explained: "Because of their position in the banking world, Chase will only deal with the government through a third party, and has so designated R. Shriver Associates."

The Shriver firm's task was to "prepare statistics of U.S. energy flows for the International Energy Agency" and to monitor the agency's "policies and procedures." In other words, it was given broad responsibility for compiling the oil data on which national policy would be based. The Shriver relationship continued into the Carter Administration. In 1977, it was hired to "document the need for and the required characteristics of a National Gas Emergency Management System." And when oil-industry divestiture was proposed by irate Congressmen, the Shriver firm was given another contract to develop a "fact sheet" for the use of the D.O.E.'s agencies.

This continued reliance on the consulting firm designated by Chase Manhattan had the effect of putting the department in the hands of the behemoths of the oil industry. For,

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as Guttman pointed out, previous Senate committee findings showed that Chase board members included officers of Exxon and Standard Oil of Ohio; that the Rockefeller family group, the largest single voting interest in Chase, is among the top voting interests in Exxon, Mobil and Standard Oil of Indiana, and that Chase Manhattan itself is among the top voting interests in Exxon, Mobil, Shell, SoCal, Standard of Indiana and Texaco. Quite a package.

As a result of Chase's insistence on the employment of the Shriver firm, one of its employees, a man named John Iannone, became an important figure on the Washington energy scene. Although he was an outside consultant, Iannone was assigned office space at the Federal Energy Agency and became in appearance, if not in actual fact, a member of the Government's energy establishment. His boss from April 1974 to July 1976 was Dr. Daniel B. Rathbun, who was deputy assistant administrator for data. When Dr. Rathbun left Government employment to become a vice president of the American Petroleum Institute, Iannone followed him. Although Iannone had shed the Shriver mantle for the cloak of the A.P.I., this did not alter his cozy relationship with his old comrades in the D.O.E. He still had the run of the offices. Having once been granted the cachet of a member of the establishment, he still carried a semi-official aura about him, and had considerable influence with the Energy Department.

Senator Howard Metzenbaum first exposed Iannone's double-agent role during hearings of the Senate Energy Committee in mid-1978. The testimony showed that Iannone often was able to supply his A.P.I. superiors with D.O.E. plans and papers before they became public. Such advance information, of course, enabled the petroleum lobby to exert quiet pressure to get the rules amended in the industry's interest before public-interest groups had any idea what was happening. Senator Metzenbaum charged that one change Iannone effected through his close ties with the D.O.E. raised the price of gasoline half a cent a gallon—and cost American consumers $600 million annually.

Iannone's most notable, though not most important, feat involved a letter that Senator Edward M. Kennedy had written to David J. Bardin, head of the Energy Department's Economic Regulatory Administration. Kennedy was inquiring about the allocation of oil to smaller refiners. Gerald Emmer, Bardin's assistant and one of Iannone's best contacts, gave the lobbyist a Xerox of Kennedy's letter; and investigation indicated that this copy wound up in A.P.I. files before Kennedy's original letter was delivered to Bardin.

Metzenbaum's disclosure of Iannone's undercover activities caused shock waves in Washington, especially among consumer advocates who had been kept cooling their heels in the D.O.E.'s outer offices while Iannone had the run of the place. "I'm just stunned," said James Flug of Energy Action. "These people got everything at the earliest possible state in the regulatory process, having impact on the decisions at every step of the way, on issues we don't even know exist."

Disclosure of Iannone's years-long snooping led to demands for an investigation. Mark Green of Ralph Nader's Congress Watch obtained a copy of Iannone's own report to the petroleum institute, summarizing his successes in espionage and influence-wielding during the first three months of 1978. Green, Bardin and Representative John Dingell, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Energy and Power, all called on the D.O.E. to probe itself. The department's Inspector General undertook the task. A report of his investigation was issued April 23, 1979. Its first conclusion was that the American Petroleum Institute, as a result of Iannone's activities, "was able to obtain from D.O.E. staff copies of 23 draft rulemakings and internal D.O.E. memoranda and studies that had not been made formally available to the public in the latter half of 1977 and the first quarter of 1978."

Iannone himself had balked at testifying, and the American Petroleum Institute at first defied a subpoena to turn over its files. Iannone, by a series of legal actions, frustrated the Inspector General, but the institute finally agreed to make its documents available. These disclosed that it had set up a regular spy network, titled "Federal Agencies Department," and that three other agents—Henry Lum, Patricia Hammick and Susan Hodges—had cultivated contacts within the Department of Energy and flashed advance warnings. Iannone himself had supplied the petroleum institute with some 160 D.O.E. documents. The Inspector General concluded that Iannone, in his report to the A.P.I., had sometimes misrepresented or exaggerated his influence. Though this might be expected from an agent seeking to inflate his own importance, the investigation nevertheless substantiated Iannone's claim that he had modified a program of gasoline monitoring and decontrol known as Mogas so that it would yield larger profits for the oil industry. Iannone accomplished this by advocating that the base period for pricing be changed from November 1977 to June 1977. The theory was that, since gasoline prices are normally higher in summer, such a change would give the industry a higher base period with which to work. The D.O.E. Inspector General reported: "The documents received from API show that between August of 1977 and February of 1978, DOE did change the base month in its Mogas draft proposals from November to June." Iannone had claimed that he had been allowed to check the final Mogas rule making "for accuracy" before it was sent to the D.O.E.'s general counsel, and Bardin confirmed that he had ordered "the Mogas monitoring formula reviewed by API."

The snooping of Iannone and the subservience shown by the Energy Department to a lobby like the American Petroleum Institute in allowing it to "review" its regulations in advance could only take place in an agency riddled at the top by private interests. President Carter, the Trilateral Commission alumnus, has insisted from the moment he took office that fuel prices must go higher, ever and ever higher, and the high command of his Department of Energy has been loaded with corporate types whose thinking has been molded by their industry background. "You don't have to buy them," comments one consumer expert. "This

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is a much more sophisticated operation than that. You just put in positions of power those types that think the corporate way."

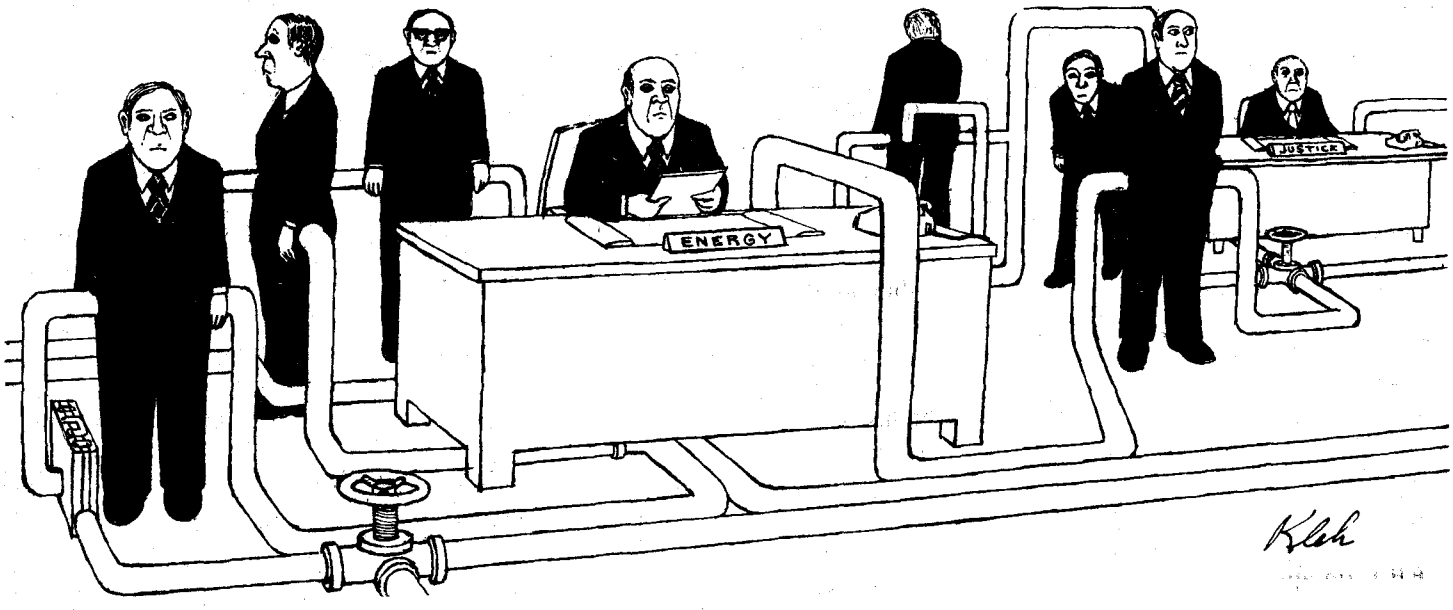
Dr. James Schlesinger, Carter's first Energy Secretary, became noted in Washington as one of the most arrogant bureaucrats this city of arrogant types has ever known. Throughout his regime, he faithfully parroted the A.P.I.'s line that there was an oil shortage (when there was none) and that higher prices were therefore justified. In the end, the truth caught up with this rhetoric. Last May 25, when gas lines were clogging stations along the Eastern Seaboard, President Carter was compelled to issue what appeared to be a stern directive to the Energy and the Justice Departments. By then there was widespread public suspicion that the big oil companies had created and manipulated a phony crisis, and the President ordered a full-fledged investigation. His order to the two departments read: "You shall jointly conduct a comprehensive investigation of the apparent gas shortage situation, using all available and appropriate authority and resources at your disposal, to determine whether there is reason to believe that the apparent shortfall is the result of concerted activity by firms at the refining and/or marketing level, or of excessive stockpiling or hoarding of supplies."

That order seemed to say that the President wasn't going to stand for any nonsense; he *really* wanted the truth. So what happened? A *Washington Post* investigative team, after thoroughly questioning a number of D.O.E. employees, reported on August 12 that the President's apparently stern order had been ignored by both Justice and the D.O.E. There had been *no* investigation; there had been only what one top official who worked on the project called "a propaganda exercise." This exercise produced a fifty-three-page report that was released by the White House under the imprimatur of Jimmy Carter. It cleared the oil industry. There had been no holding back of supplies, no attempt to create a crisis to jack up prices, it said.

The A.P.I. naturally hailed the report as conclusive proof of its virginity, but *The Washington Post* described in explicit detail how this whitewash had been contrived. Some ten days after the President's order, D.O.E. officials had been summoned to the office of Deputy Secretary John F. O'Leary, who has since departed. There was a brief conference, and O'Leary handed over the chore of preparing the report to Lynn Coleman, the D.O.E.'s general counsel. The report that finally went to the White House was put together almost exclusively by Coleman and Carlyle Hysted of the D.O.E.'s policy branch. Hysted had been writing speeches and press releases for Schlesinger, and his first draft of the "report" was almost a verbatim rendering of material he had already written. Since this wouldn't do, D.O.E. files were scrounged for material and footnotes that would give the final product some semblance of credibility.

What had really happened, then, as *The Washington Post* disclosed, was that the D.O.E. and the Justice Department had deliberately ignored the President's order. They had conducted no investigation, but had deceived the White House into issuing a phony report as authentic. Did the President blow his stack at having been flouted and deceived? Did any heads roll? No, he didn't; no, they didn't. One can only conclude that Jimmy Carter was not unhappy about a report that, whether it deceived him or not, was certainly intended to deceive the public.

In tracing the spoor of this sham exercise, one is intrigued by the key role played, according to *The Washington Post*, by Coleman, who is still general counsel of the D.O.E. under the new Secretary, Charles W. Duncan. Coleman, before he joined the department, was a law partner in the large and highly influential Houston law firm of Vinson & Elkins. Another partner in the firm was John Connally, currently seeking the White House. Connally's millionaire status stemmed from his services to Sid Richardson, one of the original Texan oil tycoons. Coleman's former law firm, according to Representative Dingell's staff, has also in recent years represented some dozen companies whose cases have been referred to the Justice Department for price-control violations. Coleman's former ties to a favorite law firm of the oil industry deserve at least recognition in view



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of the role he played when a young D.O.E. attorney in Houston, Joseph D. McNeff, attempted to expose the "daisy chain" oil scandal (see Cook, "The Great Daisy Chain Scandal," *The Nation*, July 7). When McNeff spilled the story of how the oil companies were employing a bookkeeping shell game to convert "old" oil into higher-priced "new" oil to Michael Barrett, counsel for Representative Dingell's energy committee, and Peter Stockton, one of Barrett's top aides, the roof fell in. McNeff testified: "The General Counsel of the Department of Energy, Lynn Coleman, and a Deputy U.S. Attorney General, identified as a Mr. Keeney, relayed messages to me that under no circumstances were we to let your [the committee's] investigators see any files or discuss any of the cases we were working on. If we did, we would be subject to prosecution."

The eagerness to muzzle McNeff has not been matched by a similar zealousness in tracking down the "daisy chain" operators. The following case stands as a symbol of many. The D.O.E. recognized it might have a problem in Denver. Kenneth Merica was its regional director there; Edward Case was the area manager. Denver was the private turf of Marvin Davis, owner of one of the nation's largest crude oil producers—and also owner of Summit Gas Company in Dallas, a major crude oil "reseller" under investigation in the daisy chain scam. In the latter part of 1977, D.O.E.'s National Office of Special Investigations began to suspect that Merica and Case were too chummy with Davis. An audit of Davis's Denver company had been closed out in the record time of thirty-four hours. Despite the signs of a whitewash, D.O.E. made Merica acting regional director of the Dallas office, where the Summit investigation was centered.

John Arechiga was in charge of the D.O.E. probe. Ironically, having sent Merica to Dallas, the department ordered Arechiga not to tell his new boss anything about his investigations. According to the story Arechiga later told to Representative Dingell's investigators, the Federal Bureau of Investigation and others, Merica offered him a $200,000 bribe to "foul up" the Summit and other reseller cases. When Arechiga turned down the bribe, he charged, Merica told him: "You're in the big time. There is a lot at stake. It could be dangerous. If someone wanted to waste you, it could happen." Arechiga claimed that Merica also intimated "something" could happen to his wife and family.

Badly shaken, Arechiga notified Herb Buchanan, deputy director of enforcement in the Dallas region. Buchanan told him to go to the F.B.I. Arechiga did. He asked the F.B.I. if they wanted to wire him for sound so that he could get Merica's words on tape. The F.B.I. wasn't interested. Agents told Arechiga also that there wasn't any need to protect him and his family; just leave everything to them. That was the last Arechiga heard from the F.B.I. He did, however, hear from his superiors. He told Dingell's investigators of suddenly receiving strict orders from Jerome Weiner, director of the department's Office of Special Investigations, not to contact the F.B.I. on any matter.

Dingell's subsequent investigation showed that although Arechiga had gone to the F.B.I., as he testified, on May 8, 1978, all the F.B.I. had done was query Weiner, then drop the case. Dingell wrote the Bureau on March 2, 1979, demanding to know what had happened in the Merica investigation. Only under Congressional pressure did the F.B.I. finally move. In May 1979, a full year after Arechiga had notified the Bureau of Merica's alleged bribe offer and threats, agents finally got around to taking the first step—interviewing Buchanan, to whom Arechiga had originally told his story. After going through a few formal paces, the F.B.I. concluded that, though things looked fishy, there wasn't enough evidence to justify prosecution.

Subsequently, Dingell's staff interviewed Arechiga. Here is an excerpt from their report:

> In general, Arechiga said he was nearly helpless in his effort to conduct special investigations. He said his immediate supervisor, Ken Merica, offered him a bribe and threatened his safety, so Merica couldn't be trusted; the regional counsel, Harold Clements, had personal connections with a target of a criminal investigation, so Clements couldn't be trusted; the National Office Director of Enforcement, Richard Herzog, appointed an employee under criminal suspicion to a critical job as enforcement director for the region, so Herzog couldn't be trusted. Arechiga said he was very confused, and although he was investigating serious violations of the law he received no support from the critical DOE enforcement officials and was effectively prevented from doing an efficient job.

Dingell's staff concluded that nothing would ever happen in the case "because of the lack of a comprehensive investigation." It added: "This problem and agency actions are consistent with the pattern of ineptness that prevails in the enforcement of the oil price control laws." An investigator familiar with this and a whole swatch of similar cases speaks with anger and contempt of the performance of the Justice Department: "They are like a bunch of eunuchs over there," he says. "They are always searching for reasons to drop a case. They don't pursue things aggressively to see if they can make a case."

And the multibillion-dollar daisy chain ripoff continues. The Department of Energy, handmaiden of the oil companies, insists that the majors aren't involved. "They're lying," say Dingell's aides. They have elaborate graphs showing how hundreds of thousands of barrels of oil flow by circuitous routes, passing from hand to hand with a write-up in price for every transaction. The pipelines of some of the largest oil companies in the nation are the conduit for this flow, and the majors who own the essential pipelines get back the oil at world market prices after it has passed through the daisy chain. Yet nothing is done because, obviously, nothing is supposed to be done. Honest D.O.E. investigators, like Joe McNeff and John Arechiga, have found that out the hard way.

And hard-working Congressional staff people who have studied case after case, who know the full evil of the situation, are plainly disgusted. Some of them confess that they are ashamed to be working for such a Government. That is the final, damning word on the Administration of the phony populist, Jimmy Carter. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Rage of New Heresy

STEPHEN F. COHEN

Nikita Khrushchev's campaigns against Stalin's reputation, or "the cult of personality" as it was called, between 1956 and 1964 ended decades of silence about the crimes of the past and unleashed a torrent of anti-Stalinist sentiment in the Soviet Union. One result was a flood of impassioned anti-Stalinist literature depicting the Stalinist terror and prison camp system that had victimized millions of innocent people for more than twenty years.

For a short time in the early 1960s, some of this literature, such as Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, received official sanction and was published legally in the Soviet Union. The nation, or at least its intelligentsia, seemed to be moving, however fitfully, toward a public confrontation with the terrible crimes of the past.

But the process of historical justice was interrupted by the overthrow of Khrushchev in 1964. The Brezhnev Government soon decreed a significant rehabilitation of the whole Stalinist era, and indeed of Stalin himself, and reimposed the ban on anti-Stalinist themes in Soviet publications. As though to make amends for Khrushchev's removal of Stalin's body from the Lenin mausoleum in 1961, the Brezhnev leadership placed a marble bust on Stalin's new gravesite in 1969 in connection with the ninetieth anniversary of his birth.

The official ban protecting Stalin's historical reputation remains in force on the centenary of his birth this month. It has not been able, however, to prevent the appearance of uncensored anti-Stalinist literature, which has continued to grow since the late 1960s through the medium of *samizdat* (privately circulated manuscripts). The poems published here are part of this anti-Stalinist literature that can no longer be published legally in the Soviet Union. All of them circulated in typescript and were first "published" in *Political Diary* (*Politicheskii Dnevnik*), a remarkable *samizdat* journal edited in Moscow between 1964 and 1971 by the political dissident and nonconformist

Stephen F. Cohen teaches Soviet politics and history at Princeton University. A new paperback edition of his Bukharin and the Bolshevik Revolution: A Political Biography, 1888-1938 *has just been published by Oxford University Press/Galaxy Books.*

CHILDREN OF THE CULT

Let's not beat around the bush,
No more nonsense.
We are the children of the cult.
We are its flesh and blood.

We have been raised in the fog,
Ambiguous indeed,
Inside Gigantomania
And scarcity of mind.

We are mestizos, mixtures
Of unlike traits—
Of daring and of dogma,
Pretense and innovation.

We are the witnesses of that event
Which ripened into a storm,
Replete with honest faith
And full of filthy treason.

We did not even know
The nature of the game.
The villages died out.
The cities became black.

And like a flaming horseshoe
There burned at dawn
The wreaths made of barbed wire
Over the heads of the camps.

The coats of our fathers
Were pierced by bullets
Not by medals, twice punished
For Issik-Kul, the sands, the mines.

And the grey medals,
The pendants made of lead
Were hung from souls,
From hearts like heavy weights.

We are the people of the
Crossroads, led one by one,
Swaying like thin switches
In the September wind.

We are the fallen leaves.
We are the music of the shackles.
We are the courage of the amnesty
And of the locks torn down.

Doors flung open.
Felled observation posts.
And the rage of new heresy.
And the brightness of what's right.

Andrei Voznesensky
(Translated by Vera S. Dunham)

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historian Roy Medvedev. (The translations are by Vera S. Dunham and are printed here by permission of W.W. Norton Inc., which will publish an anthology of selections from *Political Diary* in English, edited by this writer, sometime in 1980.)

The poems reflect the dual theme that is central to almost all anti-Stalinist literature—the need to tell the truth about the past and the enduring legacy of Stalinism today. Different generational experiences have contributed to this literature. The celebrated poet Andrei Voznesensky, who was born in 1933, represents a younger generation—"children of the cult"—that came of age in the post-Stalin years. Olga Berg-

STALIN IS NOT DEAD

Do not rejoice too early
And let some other oracle proclaim
That wounds do not reopen,
That evil crowds don't rise again,
That the dead enemy no longer calls
And that I risk to seem retarded.
Let him orate. I firmly know that
Stalin is not dead.

And if the killed alone had mattered
And those who vanished nameless in the North.
The evil he implanted in our hearts,
Had it not truly done the damage?
As long as poverty divides from wealth,
As long as we don't stop the lies
And don't unlearn to fear,
Stalin is not dead.

As long as morons who hate Jews
Are not yet tamed in our country,
The splendid, well-groomed khans,
The brutal clerks of power,
As long as the briber remains cocky,
The red tape artist unperturbed
And the informer is rewarded,
Stalin is not dead.

Isn't it according to old habit
That they are prone
To choke with cutting ropes
All that is young and new?
The road to glory is not even.
As long as, to the joy of the well-fed,
The riff-raff baits the Pasternaks,
Stalin is not dead.

Doesn't Stalin's spirit hide in us,
Cowardly and predatory both,
If we don't look for truth
But, rather, fear the new?
I'll throw myself on falsehood
And shall not yield to that which was,
But what to do when inside us
Stalin is not dead?

I pledge to the merry banner
To fight for justice honestly,
Keep to the steep and salty road
In combat with the evil brood,
Not to deroute nor to retract
Nor to surrender to fatigue
As long as I will breathe and
Stalin is not dead.

Boris Chichibabin
(Translated by Vera S. Dunham)

DAYS OF SHAME AND SORROW

No, not from our meager books,
Resembling a pauper's sack,
Shall you find out how life for us
Was hard, unbearable,
How we had loved with anguish,
How, loving, we deceived ourselves,
And, with clenched teeth,
Renounced our faith, our persons
When they interrogated us.

We tried to find a reason
For our mother to bestow
Senseless torment
On the best among her sons.

And in the silence of sleepless cells
Days and nights on end,
Without tears, with bleeding lips,
We whispered: Motherland
. . . the people.

Days of shame and sorrow!
Yet could it be that even we
Had not drained all the grief
Out of the secret mines of Kolyma?

Those who were saved by chance
Stand sentenced more severely
To cowardly silence,
To the distrust of friends.

And daily, hourly while working,
We feared the prison once more.
But no one was more fearless
And more patient than were we.

We crossed Mongolian sands
And fell upon the Finnish snow
For her, evasive and beloved,
And treacherous to the end.

She did not let us sing
Of our chains, of our shackles.
And our books are empty now.
And praise in them is triply false.

Should you, then, suddenly, somehow
Stumble over these lines
Written in contorted pain, as if
A dead circle left around the fire,

Should our scorching legend
Reach you now if only as cold smoke,
Well, then, honor us with silence
As we keep silent in front of you.

Olga Berggolts
(Translated by Vera S. Dunham)

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golts (1910-76) and Boris Chichibabin (born 1917) represent an older generation that was, as their poems here suggest, both the victim and accomplice of the "silence" of Stalinism. Little is known about Chichibabin, who lives in the Ukraine and is rarely published. Berggolts, on the other hand, was a well-known writer whose poems often expressed the special agony of her native Leningrad during the Stalin years. □

The Year in Books

We asked some of our readers and writers to list the three books they most admired from the past year (give or take a few months). Their responses are as follows. —The Editors

RICHARD P. BRICKNER

THE GHOST WRITER. *By Philip Roth. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 180 pp. $8.95.*

I was knocked out by the inventiveness of Philip Roth's new novel, while I was perplexed by the disproportionate length of the answer to the problem it poses. Roth's best work remains underrated because he is such a discreet stylist.

THE NEOCONSERVATIVES. *By Peter Steinfels. Simon & Schuster. 335 pp. $11.95.*

This book interests me because, since it is as respectful as it can manage to be, the points it scores are free to be trustworthy. This tactic is too little used everywhere.

THE NABOKOV-WILSON LETTERS. *Edited by Simon Karlinsky. Harper & Row. 333 pp. $15.*

This collection is of particular interest and comfort because, without losing stature, the awesome correspondents reduce themselves to human size.

HERBERT GUTMAN

THE POVERTY OF THEORY & OTHER ESSAYS. *By E P. Thompson. Monthly Review Press. 416 pp. $16.*

A long overdue critique of the reductionist, determinist and authoritarian elements in Marxism, this is Thompson at his best, and essential reading for American radicals.

WOMEN AT WORK: The Transformation of Work and Community in Lowell, Massachusetts, 1826-1860. *By Thomas Dublin. Columbia University Press. 312 pp. $17.50.*

Together with Alan Dawley's book on the Lynn, Massachusetts, shoe workers (*Class and Community*, Harvard University Press, just out in paper), Dublin's work on the Lowell "mill girls" and Irish factory hands transforms our understanding of the pioneer American working class; also enlarges our understanding of women's and ethnic history.

THE TRIBES OF AMERICA. *By Paul Cowan. Doubleday & Company. 312 pp. $10.95.*

No one writes more compassionately and more compellingly about the real lives, hopes and fears of America's working people in the late twentieth century. Robert Coles's comparison to James Agee is apt.

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

THE NEOCONSERVATIVES. *By Peter Steinfels. Simon & Schuster. 335 pp. $11.95.*

Literate, informed and fair. One of the best books on social priorities and analysis this year.

TROTSKY. *By Irving Howe. Penguin Books (Modern Master Series). 224 pp. Paper $2.95.*

An amazingly concentrated and lucid account of a figure whose life and thought one might have believed had already been analyzed to death.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

SIDESHOW. *By William Shawcross. Simon & Schuster. 467 pp. $13.95. Paper $2.95.*

For the last doubter in the world. Henry Kissinger is a dangerous, pseudo-intellectual maniac. Pity the Cambodians who found out the hard way. Make it easy on a friend.

ORIENTALISM. *By Edward Said. Pantheon Books. 384 pp. $15.*

A polemical work, but also a scholarly one. It will make selective perceptions of Islam more difficult to justify, and stupid versions even more so.

ALBERT CAMUS: A Biography. *By Herbert Lottman. Doubleday & Company. 768 pp. $16.95.*

The one necessary book on the subject; a beautifully written account of an author who has been both over- and underestimated. I wish all labors of love were like this.

SAMUEL HYNES

THE GENERATION OF 1914. *By Robert Wohl. Harvard University Press. 352 pp. $17.50.*

A history of the generation of European men who fought World War II: how they came to think of themselves as a generation, and what the postwar consequences were. An important book not only for historians but also for literary critics, most of whom could use the historical background of modernism that this book provides.

CHARDIN 1699-1779. *By Pierre Rosenberg. The Cleveland Museum of Art in Cooperation with Indiana University Press. 448 pp. $15.*

The catalogue of the Chardin show from the Grand Palais, Paris, which reached only Cleveland and Boston in this country. At 424 pages, it is far more than a catalogue: the text is comprehensive and readable, and the twenty-four color plates are delicious.

BURGER'S DAUGHTER. *By Nadine Gordimer. The Viking Press. 368 pp. $10.95.*

As near as most of us will get to knowing what it feels like to be white and liberal and living in South Africa. An impressive work of the imagination, under extreme political stress.

MARGO JEFFERSON

BURGER'S DAUGHTER. *By Nadine Gordimer. The Viking Press. 368 pp. $10.95.*

Not for Gordimer the usual pious dichotomies—political, racial, familial and sexual—dramatized in a way that suggests that the writer's hard work and anguish deserve at least as much attention as the issues themselves. Her moral intelligence and modesty are remarkable; so is her art.

WHERE SHE DANCED. *By Elizabeth Kendall. Alfred A. Knopf. 238 pp. $12.95.*

Kendall's analysis of American modern

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Just a few of the stories that these journalistic luminaries and their colleagues have brought to light during the past two years...

- The Senator who showed up drunk at a 10 a.m. meeting of the Senate Banking Committee... and the *New York Times* reporter who did not file the story because she knew from previous experience that it would be killed by an anxious editor.
- The continuing charm of sometimes-indicted but always-smiling Mr. Koreagate, Tongsun Park... and the *Newsweek* bureau chief so bowled over by it that he toasted Mr. Park as "a man who understands the American political system better than most Americans."
- The *Washington Post*'s exclusive on the confessions of ex-Senator Maryon Allen... and the two major wire services that were intimidated into *not* running the story.
- Those Congressmen and Congresswomen who are constantly courting the media... and the noteworthy success of the forty who either own outright or own stock in newspapers, television and radio stations worth $20,000,000.
- The faster pace, livelier patter, and prettier faces on TV news shows... and the steadily diminishing amount of what you are watching and listening for in the first place: hard news.
- The CBS reporter who found out how Billy Carter's gas station received an "emergency" 25,000-gallon allocation... and why he is no longer working for CBS.

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dance—the women who created it, the forces that shaped it—is as inventive and original as the form once was. She writes about art, culture and women in new ways and with great style.

JANE HOLTZ KAY

WHITE TOWERS. *By Paul Hirshorn and Steven Izenour. M.I.T. Press. 189 pp. $17.50.*

Paul Hirshorn and Steven Izenour, known for his efforts with Robert Venturi and Denise Scott-Brown, present a photographic portrait as fascinating for its insights on American life as for its details on the hamburger palaces of the past.

THE MAGNIFICENT BUILDERS AND THEIR DREAM HOUSES. *By Joseph J. Thorndike. Simon & Schuster. 352 pp. $34.95.*

Everything from "The Prairie Chicken" that Herbert Greene stationed on the Oklahoma flats, to the château of Chenonceaux, from Monticello to a Pullman train, in a readable as well as ornamental work.

LONDON 1900. *By Alastair Service. Rizzoli International. 274 pp. $37.50.*

Detailed views of nitty-gritty restaurant-kitchen interiors, notes on London's road surfaces, and gaudy designs from the Edwardian era. While somewhat specialized, this book illuminates the neglected period from Victorian high ornament to modern high tech.

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

ANNALS OF AN ABIDING LIBERAL. *By John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin. 384 pp. $12.95.*

A large helping of the sage's reviews, recollections and other short pieces. Presented with a proper target, say William Simon, Galbraith has no peer in the delicate art of shafting the shaftable. His exegesis of his Federal Bureau of Investigation file is vintage documentation of J. Edgar Hoover's idiocies. Unlike so many of the universe's stars, Galbraith gets more radical with age, a model for those who themselves near the golden years of senior citizenship.

And, thinking of ideologies, I am moved to nominate:

THE NEOCONSERVATIVES. *By Peter Steinfels. Simon & Schuster. 335 pp. $11.95.*

Courteous almost to a fault, Steinfels, among other delights, skewers Movnihan's literary style and defines the central inconsistency of neoconservative thought—the clash between cultural tradition and free market economics. As even the neoconservatives occasionally and uneasily realize, the great triumph of free markets (which they venerate) is destruction of the old values of patriotism, family solidity and deference to authority (which, if possible, the coterie holds in even higher honor).

THE VIEW IN WINTER. *By Ronald Blythe. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 270 pp. $12.95.*

This is a sequel to *Akenfield*, Blythe's memorable evocation of life in an English village. On Blythe's evidence, to be old is no bargain, but better to be old in Britain than in the United States. Blythe is the poet of oral history. Chaucer might have appreciated his tale of the 85-year-old widow who, waking one night alone in her cottage, convinced herself that she would die before dawn. She obligingly opened the windows and doors so that Death could conveniently enter. Next morning, she closed them again and put the kettle on for tea.

GRACE SCHULMAN

FIELD WORK. *By Seamus Heaney. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 131 pp. $10.95.*

This is a truly remarkable book of poems. Heaney sings of the sounds and textures of rural Ireland, and of the effort to find himself whole in that divided nation. Especially striking are his joy in the language, his music and his perfect images.

NOTES FROM THE CASTLE. *By Howard Moss. Atheneum Press. 73 pp. $10. Paper $5.95.*

Another moving collection of poems. Tender, ironic, Moss dares to write about the love and solitudes of ordinary urban people in a way that seems mighty.

DUBIN'S LIVES. *By Bernard Malamud. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 362 pp. $10.*

This novel compels me to believe that life at its most complete has, in itself, the highest moral value. Malamud uses characters as poets use images, and at times his prose has a deliberate, artful flatness, while the actions have a heightened, exalted quality.

ROBERT SHERRILL

THE EDUCATION OF CAREY McWILLIAMS. *By Carey McWilliams. Simon & Schuster. 324 pp. $11.95.*

Reason: Know your friends.

ROBERT KENNEDY AND HIS TIMES. *By Arthur M. Schlesinger. Ballantine Books. 1,163 pp. Paper $3.50.*

Reason: Know your enemies.

THE FALCON AND THE SNOWMAN. *By Robert Lindsey. Simon & Schuster. 359 pp. $12.95.*

Reason: Know the perversities of your era.

BEN SONNENBERG

THE TONGUE SET FREE: Remembrance of a European Childhood. *By Elias Canetti. Seabury Press. 268 pp. $12.95.*

By the author of *Crowds and Power.*

THE EXECUTIONER'S SONG. *By Norman Mailer. Little, Brown & Company. 1,056 pp. $16.95.*

Particularly part two, which details a frightful falling apart of law and commerce, the latter seen from the inside.

STUDS TERKEL

THE VIEW IN WINTER. *By Ronald Blythe. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 270 pp. $12.95.*

It sings of old age and young memories. Blythe's *Akenfield* is a classic of village life and dreams, and this book is its match on the theme of aging. There have been some good books published this year; Blythe's is the great one.

AMY WILENTZ

THE EXECUTIONER'S SONG. *By Norman Mailer. Little, Brown & Company. 1,056 pp. $16.95.*

Particularly part one, "Western Voices," the half that really sings.

THE BEGGAR MAID. Stories of Flo and Rose. *By Alice Munro. Alfred A. Knopf. 210 pp. $8.95.*

Growing up dirt-poor and tough in Hanratty, Ontario. The two heroines are exceptional; so is the writing. These are the best stories of the year.

THE GHOST WRITER. *By Philip Roth. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 180 pp. $8.95.*

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A very fine and very short novel; funny, but not too funny. As in *When She Was Good*, Roth exercises great stylistic control here; the result is a nearly perfect novel, with some intangible failure of emotion.

ELIZABETH POCHODA

I've enjoyed a good many books this year. Of those unjustly neglected in the press I recommend Wesley Brown's *Tragic Magic* (Random House, 203 pp., $7.95)—a first novel with a flair for great dialogue and a fix on black life very much its own. Book reviewers also failed to mention that you won't meet any men this year with charms to equal those of Charles Portis's Ray Midge (*The Dog of the South*, Alfred A. Knopf, 246 pp., $8.95). Mavis Gallant continues to master situations of cultural crossover—this time the bloody-minded English in Italy and elsewhere (*From the Fifteenth District*, Random House, 243 pp., $8.95). No anthropologist, no ethnomethodologist is as absorbing as she is. No one is as witty. Why doesn't everyone buy her books?

Among the more celebrated titles, Leslie Epstein's *The King of the Jews* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 350 pp., $10.95) reminded me that brave novels are more satisfying than daring ones (*Sophie's Choice*), and Gilbert Sorrentino's *Mulligan Stew* (Grove Press, 464 pp., $14.95, paper $7.95) revived my old-fashioned pleasure in the deliberately *avant*, the experimental, the unapologetically literary.

But to my mind the finest work of fiction this year—and decade—is Nadine Gordimer's *Burger's Daughter.* It is the great book of a writer whose themes have not changed so much as has her way of grasping them. New perceptions have come forth: chief among them is the awareness that heroism and commitment are mysteries that exist at the intersection of a person's character and external events—mysteries well suited to the skills of a novelist and, I believe, nowhere so ably handled in modern literature as in *Burger's Daughter*.

For nonfiction I agree with readers who found in William Shawcross's *Sideshow* and Ronald Blythe's *The View in Winter* books whose importance will last us a lifetime.

RICHARD LINGEMAN

In a season that has given us a plethora of "major" novels by the likes of William Styron, Norman Mailer (a noveloid, actually) and John Barth, I say why not the second best? I don't mean second-rate; I mean seriously intended noncommercial fare by writers with something to say who keep the form alive and limber.

Eleanor Clark's *Gloria Mundi*, (Pantheon Books, 214 pp., $8.95) is a too-shaggily knitted but wisely moral story of some contemporary moonlighters in Vermont. *Starburn* (Simon & Schuster, 243 pp., $9.95) by Rosalyn Drexler is a novel about the punk-rock scene; Drexler is a special taste and I have it. William Saroyan's *Obituaries* (Creative Arts Books, 354 pp., $15) isn't a novel, but the author would be the last to claim he didn't make it up. Actually, it's a kind of prose six-day bicycle race against death, by a man who knows that on the seventh day God, six-day bicyclists and all of us will rest.

VICTOR NAVASKY

Anyone who cares about journalism in general and this journal in particular ought to read *The Education of Carey McWilliams.* I like Peter Steinfels's *The Neoconservatives* because he captures the contradictory values in neocon ideology without losing sight of the danger it poses—the legitimization of oligarchic America. (Optional suggestion: Read both books in tandem with *Commentary* editor Norman Podhoretz's *Breaking Ranks* [Harper & Row, 375 pp., $15], which is unwitting evidence for both Steinfels's proposition and the sanity with which McWilliams approached the editorial task.)

Finally, although it won't be available until next spring and therefore violates the Christmas spirit of these recommendations, the fact is that the most impressive book I have read all year (I am right now buried in the bound galleys) is Frank Donner's *The Age of Surveillance* (Alfred A. Knopf), a monumental and eloquent history and theory of the ways in which the state has kept track of us and thereby distorted and limited our possibilities. □

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The Coalition for a New Foreign and Military Policy is working to turn America's priorities around. We organize and lobby AGAINST bloated military budgets, FOR human rights and peaceful solutions at home and abroad.
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120 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington D.C. 20002

ART BOOKS

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The anticlassicism of early twentieth-century art is no longer an imperative. The retrieval of the classical tradition is not, as it would have once seemed to be, a "failure of nerve" but constitutes acceptance of a full hand of esthetic options. There is no question of a return to classical absolutes.

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Numerous art historical studies such as *The American Renaissance 1876-1917* by Richard Guy Wilson and others (Brooklyn Museum, distributed by Pantheon Books, 14 color, 142 black-and-white illustrations, 232 pp., $25) attest to the recovered theme. This is ostensibly an exhibition catalogue, but it is far more effective than the show it is based on: broad and cogent arguments have replaced scrappy displays. The years in which American art pursued civility are displayed with an abundance of classicizing detail.

James Harding's *Artistes Pompiers: French Academic Art in the 19th Century* (Rizzoli International, 24 color pages, numerous black-and-white illustrations, 134 pp., $14.95) is not an intense book but one that keeps a deserving aspect of the classical revival warm. Academic painting has moved out of the initial phase of camp appreciation, but has not yet been sorted and interpreted. In the interim, between rediscovery and full use, general surveys like this keep the data in a holding pattern round the great airport of art history and the art market.

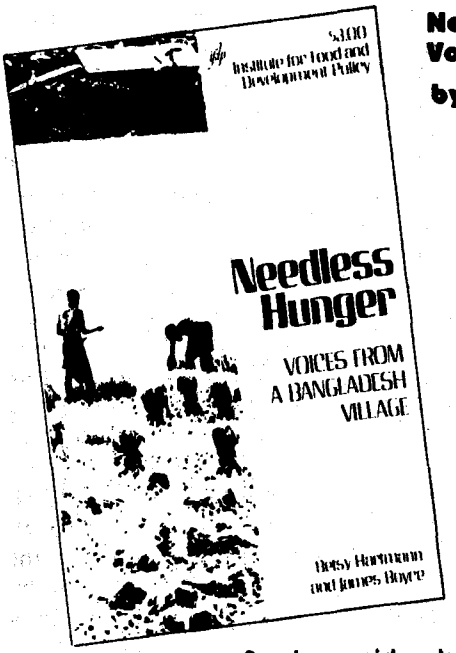
Manet remains a favorite in the competition for first modern artist. Gaëtan Picon's *The Birth of Modern Painting* (Rizzoli International, 10 color, numerous black-and-white illustrations, 136 pp., $35) takes 1863, the year Manet's "Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe" was exhibited, and the Salon des Refusés, the place where it was shown, as modern landmarks. In art, the object "lost its primacy" and "perspective, framing, and centering" were dissolved into the microstructure, the visible paint record of the picture's making. Probably a definition of modernity should rest less on esthetic innovation than on social and political factors, as Picon sensed when he widened his focus from the picture to the exhibition. Elizabeth Gilmore Holt's brilliant anthology of art criticism *The Triumph of Art for the Public* (Anchor Books, 16 pp. of black-and-white illustrations, 530 pp., $5.95) traces the displacement of traditional elites, as the support system for art opened to include the general public. In the restructured art world, exhibitions and critics became prominent—a state of affairs that we take for granted, as it is still with us.

The recent attention to realism has not been accompanied by much discussion of the meaning of the depicted scenes and figures. Typical of this inhibition is Irving Sandler's *Alex Katz* (Harry N. Abrams, 72 color, 148 black-and-white illustrations, 250 pp., $55). He traces Katz's development largely in terms of space, flatness and scale, and compares him in detail to his contemporaries in other styles. The author avoids the risk of interpretation, though Katz's subtle interplay of individual appearance and social contact in his figures demands it. His even-surfaced paintings are reproduced very well and in sum give a strong view of an elusive artist. In the same series is *Ernst Fuchs* by Ernst Fuchs (Harry N. Abrams, 70 color, 102 black-and-white illustrations, 232 pp., $55). The Viennese group of Fantastic Realists are painters whose clenched linear detail gives verisimilitude to bizarre iconographies. Their central figure is Fuchs, whose minutely scripted visceral and cosmic imagery is scrupulously reproduced, though the author-artist witholds any iconographical keys.

Robert Rosenblum has cleverly resolved the misgivings of those who thought that the later Warhol was too trendy by removing him from the avant-garde. In *Andy Warhol: Portraits of the 70s* (Whitney Museum of American Art/Random House, 127 color, 11 black-and-white illustrations, 142 pp., $15, paper $8.95) he finds Warhol's analogue in fashionable portrait painters of the turn of the century. This puts the best face on these breezy images in which basic photographs are tricked up and treated. One problem remains: where, among the sitters, is Margaret Trudeau?

First-rate books on early twentieth-century art continue to appear, rounding out fragmentary information. David Elliott's *Rodchenko and the Arts of Revolutionary Russia* (Pantheon Books, 16 color, numerous black-and-white illustrations, 136 pp., $20, paper $10) further advances the Western understanding of Constructivism. It is the first book on Rodchenko dealing with his photographs and layouts, as well as his painting and sculpture. There

"When we arrived in Bangladesh we found a lush, green fertile land. Rice paddies carpeted the earth, and gigantic squash vines climbed over the roofs."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is a mosaic of interesting contributions which sometimes disappear in the pastiche of antique modern typography with which the book is cursed.

The latest in the series of the Documents of 20th Century Art is *The New Art of Color: The Writings of Robert and Sonia Delaunay* (The Viking Press, 12 pp. black-and-white illustrations, 258 pp., $19.95). It is the first time that these artists' theories, opinions and memories have been available in English. The information is lucidly organized by editor Arthur A. Cohen. The conceptual base of Orphism, the Delaunays' "movement," christened by Apollinaire, is clearly displayed and fascinating.

The Writings of Robert Smithson is an important book by a contemporary artist. Edited by Nancy Holt (New York University Press, copious black-and-white illustrations, 222 pp., $19.50, paper $9.95), it is not a collection of artist's statements but of articles by an artist. Smithson's death in 1973 at the age of 35 was a severe loss to the earthworks movement (the term was his). His reflections on art and self, and the design of his articles and his original layouts have been scrupulously preserved here.

A book that is exceptional for its clarity and learning is Robert Klein's *Form and Meaning: Essays on the Renaissance and Modern Art* (The Viking Press, 264 pp., $19.95). The bulk of it deals with the Renaissance, including a nuanced reading of Jacob Burckhardt's *Civilization of the Renaissance*. It is a revisionary piece, but does not throw the baby out with the bathwater. The last six articles deal with modern art and methodology, including a penetrating account, in "The Eclipse of the Work of Art," of the reasons for the bad reputation of the Renaissance in modern art theory.

Norman Rockwell: 332 Magazine Covers by Christopher Finch (Abbeville Press/Random House. Copious color and black-and-white illustrations, 459 pp., $85). What can one say about him? He is a very effective image-maker as these genre scenes from 1916 to 1963 show. On the one hand, he is shrewdly topical, but on the other, he shrewdly universalizes his subjects, so that shy couples, "Gone Fishing" anecdotes, youth and age, and haircuts imply the Spirit of America.

Rockwell's Americana is rarely urban, though it got slicker as time passed, but John Baeder has devoted himself to updating one corner of the Rockwell world. In *Diners* (Harry N. Abrams, 50 color, 67 black-and-white illustrations, 144 pp., $7.95) he presents an engaging anthology of sign-sprouting, gleaming cabins, usually in pert contrast to their neighbors. His good-guy captions are hard to read, but his neat little paintings, in the shadow of Photo-Realism, are pleasant.

Finally, my vote for the nonbook of the year goes to Mary Sayre Haverstock's *American Bestiary* (Harry N. Abrams, 73 color, 125 black-and-white illustrations, 248 pp., $35). Here are Whistler's peacocks and Winslow Homer's predatory eagle hunting a fox, Br'er Rabbit and Edward Hicks's Peaceable Kingdom. It is beyond the melange, a post-potpourri, a shambles (which originally meant a slaughterhouse). □

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

To these ears, the most absorbing of the year's new recordings have been the many that speak eloquently on behalf of earlier twentieth-century music. Even more welcome would be comparable coverage of very recent music (some examples were discussed in my column of November 17); lacking that, it is good to note the ever-increasing skills of even the most celebrated performers in dealing with the music of twenty to seventy years ago—a repertory that, to judge from recordings, now interests and challenges more than does that of the nineteenth century.

The most conspicuous example of gap-plugging is the complete three-act version of Alban Berg's *Lulu*, intensely played by the Paris Opera Orchestra under Pierre Boulez, with the cast of last spring's premiere, including Teresa Stratas as a vividly imagined protagonist (Deutsche Grammophon 2711 024, $39.92, four disks). Another monument of the German operatic repertory of the 1930s is Paul Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*; its eloquent libretto defined an apolitical stance for the artist that endeared the composer to neither Nazis nor Communists. Today, the inexpressivity of the music, all too self-consciously reactionary toward the avant-gardism of the 1920s, is more problematic than the libretto's ethical stance; though energetically conducted by Rafael Kubelik, the singers' recorded performances are monotonously lacking in dynamic variety (Angel SZCX-3869, $27.94, three disks).

A similar historical role belongs to Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk District*, at last recorded in the version that brought down Stalin's wrath (a previous recording used the later revision, under the title *Katerina Ismailova*); Rostropovich directs a strong performance (Angel SZCX-3866, $27.94, three disks). Among recent recordings of this composer's late works, none is more compelling than the linear, bare-bones Violin Sonata, Op. 134, played with unearthly concentration and security by Gidon Kremer (Columbia/Melodiya M-35109, $8.98).

The new set of Anton Webern's music, conducted by Pierre Boulez, is another "must" item for a contemporary music collection; despite some inadequacies in the vocal department, this constitutes a tangible advance over the earlier Craft set both in accuracy and expressivity (Columbia M4-35193, $35.92, four disks). Hans and Rosaleen Moldenhauer's compendious though uncritical biography (Knopf, $25) is full of fascinating detail about Webern's own conception of his music's significance. Remarkably, the man's presence is most vividly felt in the last track of the Columbia set: a long-lost recording of Webern himself conducting his instrumentation of some Schubert "German Dances"—no question here of his direct access to the Viennese musical tradition!

An unanticipated revelation is furnished by James Levine's recording of Stravinsky's *The Wedding*, with forces from the Ravinia Festival; in some significant sense, this is the first recording we've ever had of this work—that is, the first in which the details of the writing for the four pianos and percussion come truly clean, without artificial-sounding spotlighting. Nor is the exuberance of this joyful work shortchanged at Levine's hands (coupled with the suite from *The Soldier's Tale*, RCA Red Seal ARL1-3375, $8.98). Also welcome, despite a shade too much polish, is the expert performance of *Pulcinella*, led by Claudio Abbado (Deutsche Grammophon 2531-087, $9.98), while the intricate and bracing score of *Agon* is finally back in the catalogue, thanks to Columbia's reissue of the composer's

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own chiffy performance with the *Canticum Sacrum*, Odyssey Y-35227, $4.98).

A few more contemporary landmarks: Schoenberg's late and enigmatic String Trio, lucidly set forth by the Los Angeles String Trio and recorded with notable transparency (Desmar DSM-1020G, $8.98); Debussy's orchestral *Images*, lambently played by the Amsterdam Concertgebouw conducted by Bernard Haitink (Philips 9500-509, $9.98); his piano *Images* and *Estampes*, plus the recently published "*Images oubliées*" of 1894, played with unusual color and concentration by Paul Jacobs (Nonesuch H-71365, $4.96), who also contributes the six Sonatinas of Ferruccio Busoni, stylistically elliptical works on the border between romanticism and neoclassicism which may now find a place in the repertory thanks to these vividly virtuosic performances (Nonesuch H-71359, $4.96).

And of course there is more Mahler. Of this year's crop, the most compelling have been Levine's versions of the Sixth (RCA Red Seal ARL2-3213, $17.96, two disks) and Ninth Symphonies—the latter offering the special pleasure of the Philadelphia Orchestra playing not only with their customary expertise and richness but with uncommon intensity (RCA Red Seal ARL2-3461, $17.96, two disks). An endearing byblow of the Second Viennese School, chamber arrangements of Strauss waltzes made by Schoenberg, Berg and Webern, makes its first recorded appearance this season, by the Boston Symphony Chamber Players (Deutsche Grammophon 2530-977, $9.98).

Some earlier music has been well served, too. With customary acumen, the Juilliard Quartet has recorded Haydn's seminal Quartets, Op. 20 (Columbia M3-34593, $26.94, three disks) and, with violist John Graham, the Mozart String Quintets (Columbia M3-35896, $26.94, three disks). The great Russian bass Yevgeny Nesterenko sings Moussorgsky song cycles most powerfully (Columbia/Melodiya M-35141, $8.98). Leon Fleisher's performances of Brahms's *Handel Variations* and waltzes have been reissued by Columbia (Odyssey Y-35920, $4.98), a fine memento of this admirable pianist.

Curiously, the year brought no compelling recordings of standard operas, but a freshet of less familiar ones. Schubert's *Alfonso und Estrella* does not prove more dramatic than accepted wisdom proclaims, but there is every musical reason why this should be but the first entry in a complete recording of his stage works (Angel SCZX-3878, $27.94, three disks); if we have recorded the operas of Haydn—the latest in *that* series is *Armida* (Philips 6769-021, $29.94, three disks)—why not those of Schubert? The charm of Massenet's *Cendrillon* escapes me, though the recorded performance seems (save for one unwise casting decision) not to be at fault; maybe I'm simply allergic to this type of sweet (Columbia M3-35194, $26.94, three disks).

Perhaps the best operatic recording Victoria de los Angeles ever made was a 1955 recital disk that included the opening of the last act of Verdi's *Otello*; this has at long last reappeared (Seraphim 60326, $4.98, mono). Other desirable reissues: Guido Cantelli's taut and cohesive reading of Brahms's Third Symphony (Seraphim 60325, $4.98); Wilhelm Furtwängler's leisurely and cohesive one of Schubert's "Great" C major Symphony (DG Privilege 2535-808, $6.98, mono). 1979 was the centenary of the birth of Sir Thomas Beecham, and the British have celebrated this with numerous reissues, available at most import stores; in music where character predominated over structure, Beecham was an incomparable stylist, and his recordings still spring to life in a way that more recent conductors rarely equal. □

THEATER

HAROLD CLURMAN

Though at moments embarrassing, *Bent* (New Apollo Theatre) is not boring. To quote an elderly gentleman who sat near me at the performance: "It has a little of everything." Considering most Broadway fare nowadays, such a notice might be accounted a rave.

Bent was a hit in London; its author, Martin Sherman, is an American. His play depicts the unspeakable cruelty of the Nazi regime. Certain brutalities are so atrociously visualized that people in the audience cry out in empathy with the victims. "Pain," as one of the play's characters says, "hurts."

The play's sensational purpose is to reveal with what extreme viciousness the Nazis treated all "deviants"—sexual, racial and religious. We learn that while the yellow star the Jews worewas enough to subject them to every humiliation and brutality, the pink triangle for homosexuals occupied, if possible, an even lower rank, and was cause for greater Nazi contempt and savagery.

The play's inspirational intent is to suggest that even under the vile and maddening conditions of the camps, love may live on. The love affair in this case is between two homosexuals, one of whom, Max, hopes to survive by wearing the insignia of the Jews. (In the play, one discerns no difference in the treatment of the two groups.)

In the end, Max witnesses his comrade—whose love he at first tried to shun—shot to death. After having masked his "deviant" identity for so long, Max (in a defiantly heroic gesture) puts on his comrade's coat, decorated with the pink triangle, and commits suicide on the electrically charged barbed wire enclosing their compound.

Above and beyond the implications already cited, there is the inference that divergent minorities who in so-called normal circumstances might be inimical to one another may, under common duress, come to realize the folly of such division. We are all equal in suffering and thus in need of universal compassion.

None of this, except perhaps for the mortifyingly graphic staging, is startlingly new, and none of it would ordinarily arouse special excitement. But the play is not without theatrical skill; it has, at least, certain devices to beguile any audience with a taste for humane sentiment along with spice. In the second act, for instance, Horst (of the authentic pink triangle) asks Max (of the unearned yellow star) if he ever thinks about sex, now that they are in this hellish captivity. Max admits that he occasionally does; Horst says that he constantly does. But such is the ingenuity of humankind—and the author—that though the two prisoners are forbidden, under the regulations and the watchful eye of the guard, to speak to or to touch each other, they have sex or, if you will, make love, imaginatively, indeed incite each other verbally to the point of orgasm. The audience is provoked, evinces satisfaction, laughs and applauds. I was more struck by that reaction than stimulated by the occurrence.

In the first act, we meet Max, a ne'er-do-well scion of a well-to-do middle-class family, in his apartment with his

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An Interview with a 114-Year-Old Magazine

Ladies and gentlemen, we are fortunate in having with us a 114-year-old magazine—THE NATION. How do you feel, sir?

Well, I feel better than the old *Saturday Evening Post.* Ben, I used to call him—you know, after Ben Franklin. . . .

You knew the old *Post*?

Sure, I knew all the big ones. *McClure's.* Always muck, muck, muck. *Liberty.* Nice fellow, *Liberty.* "This article will take you 3 minutes, 45 seconds to read," he'd say, and we'd both laugh.

How about the newer magazines? Do you know them?

Oh sure. I remember *Politicks.* Poor fellow, died young. And *Viva*—never could make up his/her mind. Then there was *New Times*—he's gone too. Had a weak heart—took up *Running.* One thing I can't stand is this new trend to celebrity journalism—all those personality articles.

What's the matter, don't you like people?

No, I don't like *People.*

Some of those old magazines have been revived—*Life*, *Look*, even *The Saturday Evening Post.*

Yeah, they went to Switzerland and had those operations. They're nice—cute, but not the same.

To what do you attribute your long life?

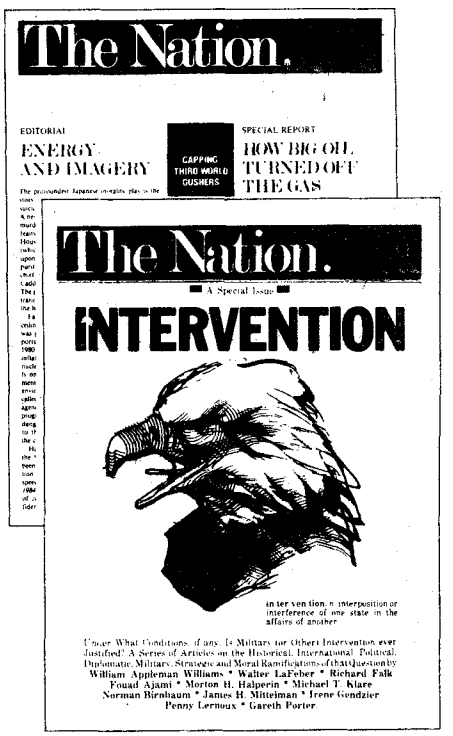
Reading. Exercising my mind. I get a lot of good wholesome fresh opinions and nourishing non-doctrinaire radical and liberal politics. Four or five tough articles every week, plus some good hardball editorials that give my conscience a daily workout. Then I top it off with an intellectual cold shower of invigorating reviews of books, plays, art, music, dance, architecture, television, the media.

What have you learned in your 114 years?

One thing I've learned is, never trust a politician who says he'll never lie to you.

That's good advice.

Don't take my word for it. Read THE NATION and think for yourself. In fact, send in the attached coupon that my insistent publisher includes with all my interviews.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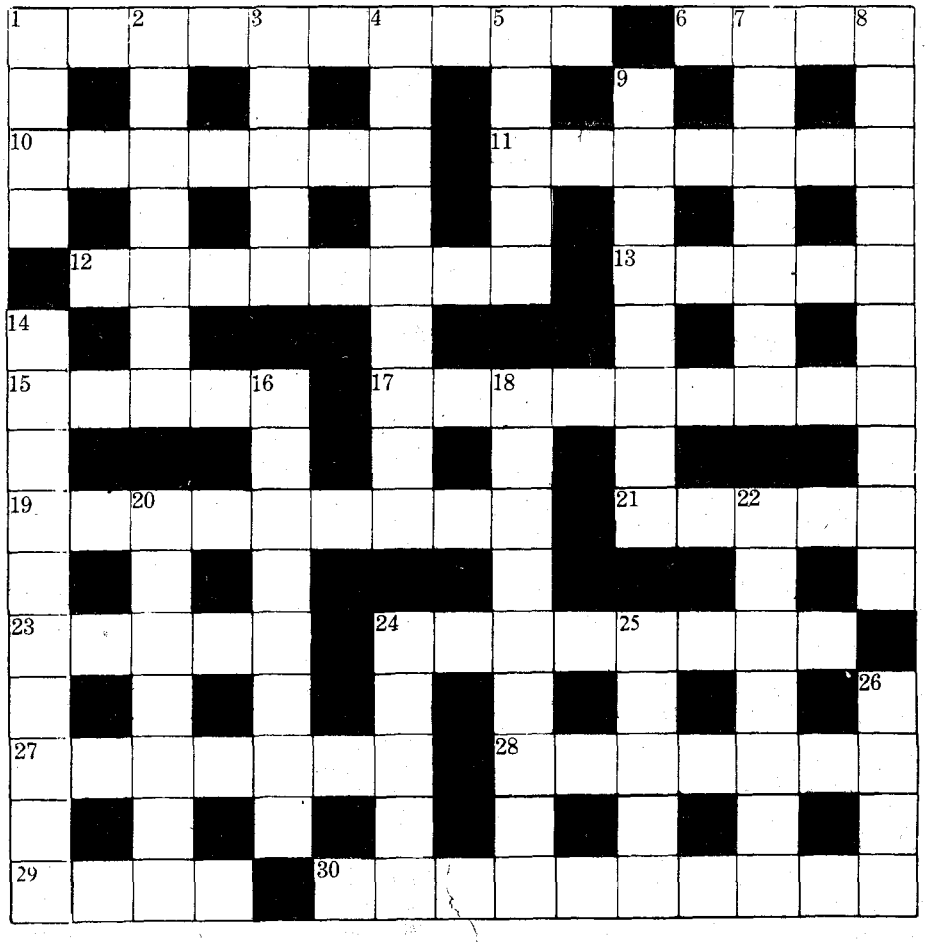
lover, Rudy, a dancer in a gay nightclub. Max has a terrible hangover (liquor and cocaine) and does not remember having brought home a bit of "rough trade" (this one enters the stage naked)—a member of the Ernst Roehm contingent of the Nazi Party. (Hitler has just wiped out Roehm, along with most of his partisans, not for their homosexuality but for their having taken the "socialist" aspect of Nazi propaganda seriously.) The fellow has accepted Max's besotted invitation to his apartment, under the impression that he may profit by Max's supposed wealth and his promise of a luxurious vacation. But Max is broke and expects his landlord at the door any moment, demanding payment for weeks of back rent. Instead of the landlord, however, two S.S. men enter in pursuit of remnants of Roehm's gang. They shoot the Roehm prostitute and cut his throat. Max and Rudy, now having become implicated, are forced to escape, and they take initial refuge in the dressing room of a transvestite singer at the nightclub where Rudy dances. The transvestite, himself obliged to serve as an informer, urges Max and Rudy to leave Berlin at once and, if possible, to flee the country.

This first-act scene in the dressing room and one other which follows it offer a quick and telling impression of the corrupt atmosphere of Berlin in 1934. Some reviewers have found these early episodes of the play more arresting than the later ones at the concentration camp itself, but no such critical decision is called for. The play does have "a little bit of everything": titillation of various kinds, kinky humor, assorted mayhem, off-beat sex, "history." What a dish to lay before our entertainment seekers today. I suspect that *Bent* is tolerable because, though based on "fact," the audience does not really believe any of it. That, for me, is the play's "social significance." Martin Sherman has a future as a proficient playwright.

The production is well cast, designed (by Santo Loquasto), directed (by Robert Allan Ackerman). Except for a certain flinching, I remained cool because very little impressed me as being above the level of a knowing showmanship. Richard Gere as Max sympathetically conveys intelligent dedication to his difficult task; David Dukes as Horst has power of attack, and David Marshall Grant as Rudy has a natural grace. George Hall, in a minor role as Max's ("fluff") uncle, possesses authority within an easy truthfulness. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1802

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 6 With a wide smile? No, just wide. (5,2,3,4)
10 Die, in a way, surrounded by work—of a complex variety? (7)
11 A muscular contraction on something like a grappling iron. (7)
12 Ascertains the extent of things in the same, sure way. (8)
15 and 13 No more entrances left, but plenty of space here. (It's one way to get improved odors!) (3,2,5)
17 Let me in, or mix it up with what 12 the height of an Egyptian flower. (9)
19 A so-so piper, possibly, but at home in the water. (9)
21 Enemy country? (5)
23 What this was asked by Capt. Corcoran's crew. (5)
24 Cover the area with bombs of a stature to be determined. (8)
27 Name possibly associated with flying from Dayton or a French town. (7)
28 Dug only for the disbelieving, possibly. (7)
29 and 30 Not like a Marine (a soldier of the sea) but a sailor of the land, and a good one. (4,2,3,5)

DOWN

1 and 14 They sound like a famous Kentuckian's friends—still friends. (4,10)
2 Something left over with peculiar people, on the square, for instance. (7)
3 Gulls—more than one copy of them. (5)
4 Primitive ornaments, or stock leaders. (5)
5 Gets money by depositing valuables such as certain wines. (5)
7 Arafat's henchmen have a way to get out around them. (It's quite an achievement.) (7)
8 With trouble in store, men might be found in the soup! (10)
9 With no set pattern for a dram, only when well shaken. (8)
14 See 1 down
16 One of the things on which one stands to govern. (12 things.) (4,4)
18 One might with insensate fingers—you won't see your friends if you do. (4,5)
20 Renaissance, the actual environment of 515, in a sense. (7)
22 He's a killer in the ring! (7)
24 A place for the forgotten, reputedly. (5)
25 Go up in what might be associated with the morgue to find a bad character. (5)
26 Not the true story of my thoughts, to start with! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1801

ACROSS: 8 First Lieutenant; 9 Speech; 10 Relation; 11 Pass; 13 Best seller; 15 Detente; 16 Mineral; 19 Sports page; 21 Ours; 22 Crescent; 24 Twenty; 26 Contempt of court. DOWN: 1 Displaced person; 2 Isle; 3 Alphabet; 4 Leprosy; 5 Styles; 6 Knot; 7 Income tax return; 12 Steer; 14 Lie to; 17 Identify; 18 Cantata; 20 Steams; 23 Site; 25 Eros.

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